The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

June

15c

MAY 1 - 1937
MUSICAL DIVISION

Bette Davis

Bing himself!
By Dixie Lee Crosby

Claudette Colbert's Vacation Diary

Healthful Double Mint *gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity*

Men—women, too, for that matter—are attracted to a charming smile and smart clothes—a winning combination that healthful, delicious Double Mint gum enables you to have. The daily enjoyment of this double-lasting, mint-flavored gum provides beneficial chewing exercise which beautifies your lips, mouth and teeth, increasing the loveliness of your smile. You look your radiant best—a person people want to know. Try it today...Left, Double Mint gum introduces a new creation of Valentina whose clients from New York to Hollywood rank among the best dressed women in the world. Double Mint has put this charmingly becoming dress into a Simplicity Pattern for you. *This, then,* is Double Mint gum's doubly lovely way of helping you win admiration and popularity.

Keep young—**be doubly lovely the Double Mint way. Remember also Double Mint gum aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, assures a sweet inoffensive breath. Buy several packages today.**

Left, *exquisite Double Mint gum dress produced in New York by* **VALENTINA,** *original creator of modern classic design —modeled for you in Hollywood by the gorgeous star of stage and screen,* **GLORIA SWANSON.** *Made available to you by Double Mint gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2784.*
At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety Stores you can buy this pattern.
Or, write *Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

S-130

Well, I'm Elected——
I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: *"Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"*

JANE: *"See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it's nothing serious!"*

ANN: *"Good heavens, I* hope *not. What did Dr. Bowen tell* you?"

JANE: *"Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"*

ANN: *"You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."*

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

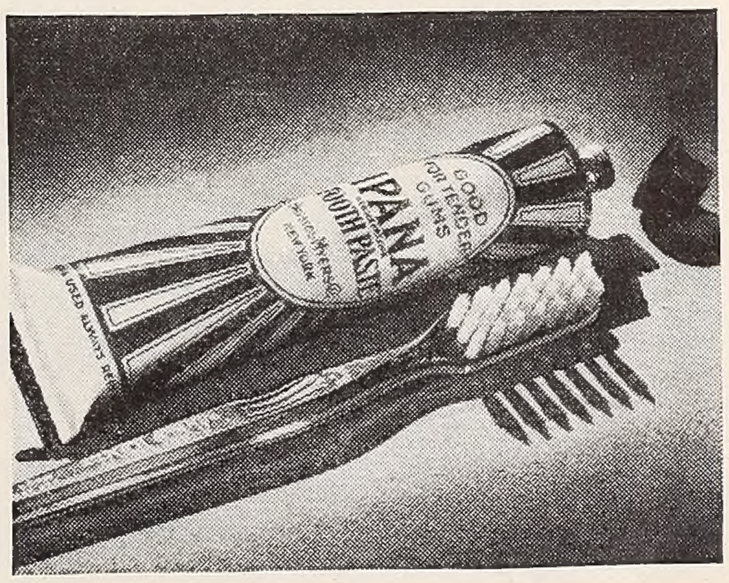
WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change *today* to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

. . . Torn from a million souls!

Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT
TAYLOR
FRANCHOT
TONE

MARGARET
SULLAVAN
ROBERT
YOUNG

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

with **GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL**

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore

"I could have told you that a year ago!"

"Aren't you floored! Janet losing Tod?"

"Not at all, Louise." Ann glanced at the newspaper. "They were drifting a year ago. And I think I know one of the reasons—Janet's bad breath! Remember?"

"Of course! It practically eased her out of the Bridge Club. But you'd think Tod would have sort of tactfully given her a bottle of Listerine."

"You'd think so. But men never seem to tell their wives when they're slipping."

IT'S FATAL

Certainly nothing so completely nullifies a woman's charm as a case of halitosis (bad breath). The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know that you have it. You may be offending the very persons whose favor you court.

How foolish to take this risk. All you need do to make your breath sweeter, purer, more wholesome, is to use Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine is the delightful, quick-acting deodorant all fastidious people use. Listerine halts fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) then overcomes the odors themselves.

When you want to be on the safe side about your breath you need quick antiseptic and deodorant action, and Listerine Antiseptic provides it delightfully.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

FROM PLAIN JANE AT $18 PER TO "GLAMOUR GIRL" AT $100.00 A WEEK

AS TOLD BY WALTER THORNTON, THE MAN WHO PICKS THE BEAUTIES FOR STUDIO, STAGE & SCREEN

The Merchant of Venus is what they call successful Walter Thornton in New York. Every year he interviews thousands of beauties. If they pass his critical inspection, he sends them to commercial studios, the stage, and movie lots.

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

It's a change for the better

When your dentist cleans your teeth, there is no spilling or mess because he makes his powder into paste. Otherwise the fine particles would fly off his rapidly revolving brush.

We, too, "cream" the finest dental powders into a paste, Listerine Tooth Paste. Thus it gives you the cleansing efficiency of powder *in modern form* . . . easy to put on the brush . . . no waste, no mess. The formula itself is super-safe and extra-active. It quickly brings to teeth the sparkle and glistening high-lights so much admired in the photographs of New York models.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste tomorrow. You are sure to like its full-bodied, refreshing flavor. For added economy, buy the double-size tube. At all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—and Romeo couldn't forget the pulse-stirring fragrance that Juliet wore.

TODAY'S ROMEO CAN'T RESIST the magic lure of Djer-Kiss—the exquisite fragrance that becomes *yours* when you wear Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

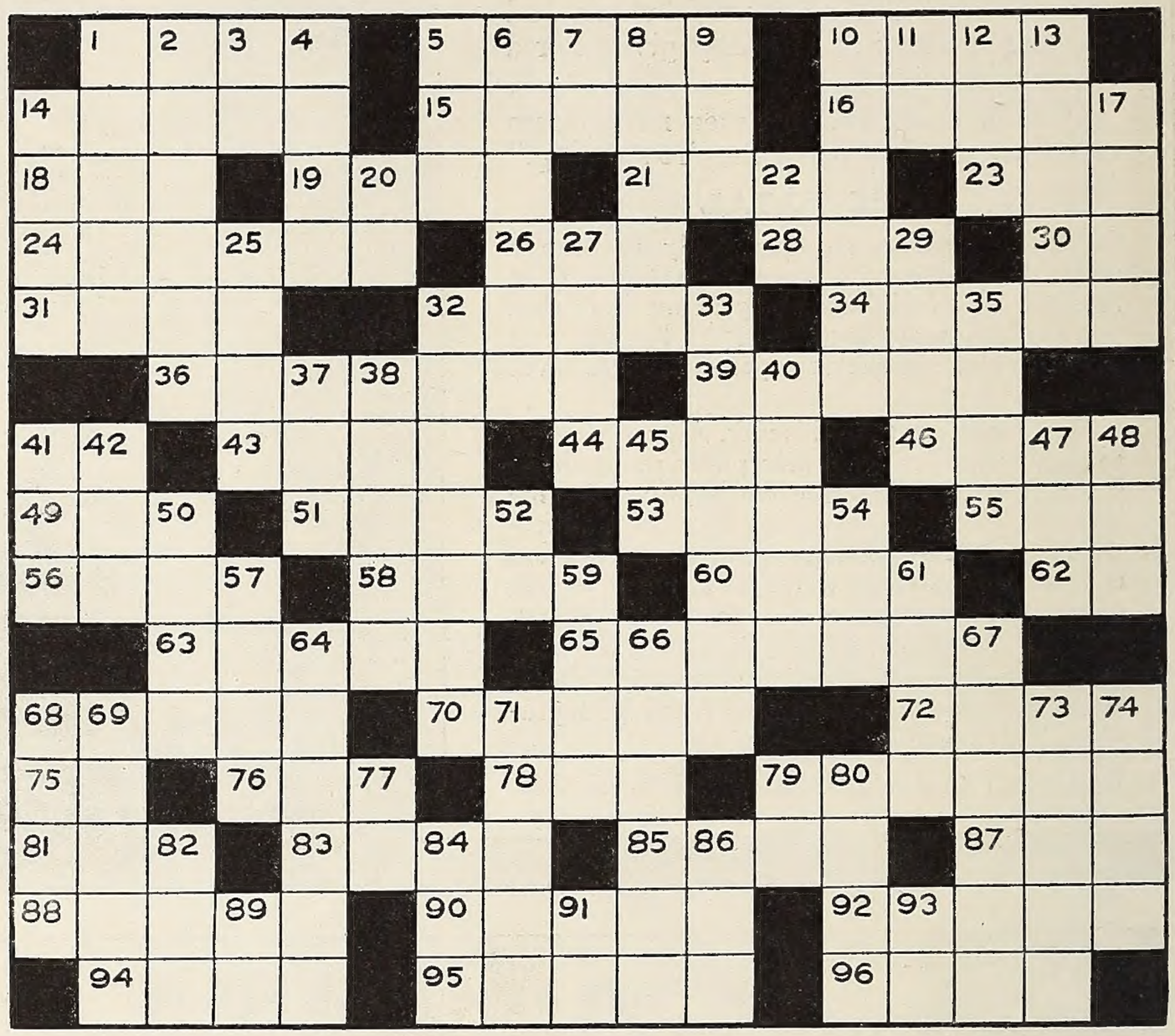
—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. Y, New York.

. . . genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



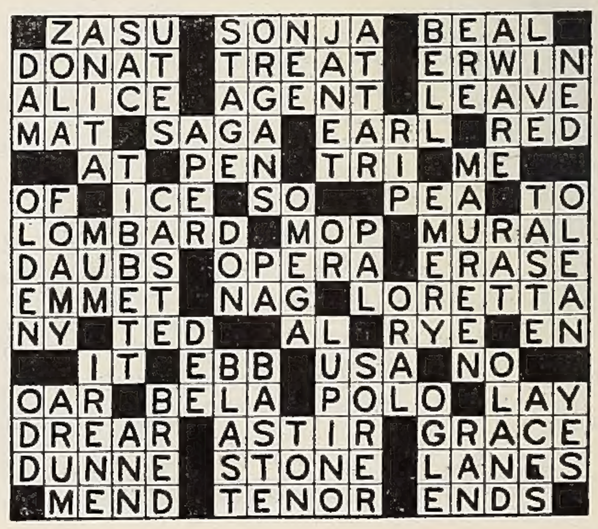
ACROSS

1. Dancing star of "A Damsel in Distress"
5. "——— Polo," a Gary Cooper film
10. His new one is "Dr. Rhythm"
14. Solitary
15. Forward
16. Silly, pointless
18. A tatter
19. To escape
21. Something you ring
23. To nod in greeting
24. To make
26. Greek letter
28. A malt drink
30. Myself
31. Belonging to her
32. The young girl in "Tovarich"
34. Loafs
36. She returns to the screen as "Marie Antoinette"
39. Destitute
41. Exclamation
43. To open the mouth in drowsiness
44. Work units
46. Connecting bar (as for oxen)
49. She was featured in "Artists and Models"
51. Foray
53. To relax
55. No
56. Something sung by one singer
58. Mark left by wound
60. Infrequent
62. Biblical pronoun
63. City in Nebraska
65. Following orders
68. To revoke a legacy (legal)
70. Dish of green vegetables
72. Periods of time
75. To act
76. Openwork fabric
78. Cowboy star, married to Clara Bow
79. Co-star, "It's Love I'm After"
81. "Love —— Hisses," a movie
83. Chilly
85. Labor
87. Over (abbrev.)
88. Star of "The Buccaneer"
90. Opera singer, featured in "Goldwyn Follies"
92. She stars in "The Divorce of Lady X."
94. Famous Biblical city
95. To breathe noisily
96. Winter vehicle

DOWN

1. A glaring, unsteady light
2. Co-star of "Stage Door"
3. Printers' measure
4. Skilful
5. Star of "Every Day's A Holiday"
6. Co-star of "Merrily We Live"
7. Note of the scale
8. He's a villain in "Bad Man of Brimstone"
9. Short poem
10. She plays the silly mother in "Merrily We Live"
11. "—— Old Chicago," a movie
12. To grab
13. A dwarf
14. Coy
17. Female sheep
20. The, in a French version
22. Note of the scale
25. Pale
27. To employ
29. Singing star of "Rosalie"
32. Salves, ointments
33. Infuriated
35. Film actor, married to Bebe Daniels
37. What you hear a talkie with
38. Wet by waves (as deck of a ship)
40. Literary composition
41. Belonging to him
42. Fuss
45. Railroad (abbrev.)
47. Star of "First Lady"
48. What you see a movie with
50. A bitter plant used in medicine
52. Baby's first word
54. Prefix meaning three
57. Portent
59. An actor's part in a movie
61. Finishes
64. Co-star of "Happy Landing"
66. The doctor in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse"
67. Plentiful
68. The first man
69. Co-star of "Knight Without Armor"
71. He's featured in "No Time To Marry"
73. To give in, relent
74. Dry
77. Toward
79. Chinese measure
80. Trees
82. Without moisture
84. Exclamations
86. An
89. Credit (business abbrev.)
91. Behold!
93. He plays "Yonnie" in "Happy Landing"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

On personal appearance tour! Allan Jones, with his wife, Irene Hervey.

Ruth K. A thumb-nail sketch of Ralph Bellamy? Whose thumb, Shirley Temple's or Wallace Beery's? Born in Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1905, 6 feet ½ inch tall, auburn hair, brown eyes. Stage experience; about seven years in pictures; his latest is "Fools for Scandal," with Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet, for Mervyn LeRoy Productions. Ralph is married, Mrs. Bellamy being the former stage actress, Catherine Willard.

A Movie-Goer. Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Simone Simon are all 20th Century-Fox players. Write the 20th Century-Fox Studio, Hollywood, California. James Stewart, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

Meta W. Frieda Inescort played the lead in "Portia on Trial" a Republic picture. Thomas Beck, yes, in "Think Fast, Mr. Moto," a 20th Century-Fox picture.

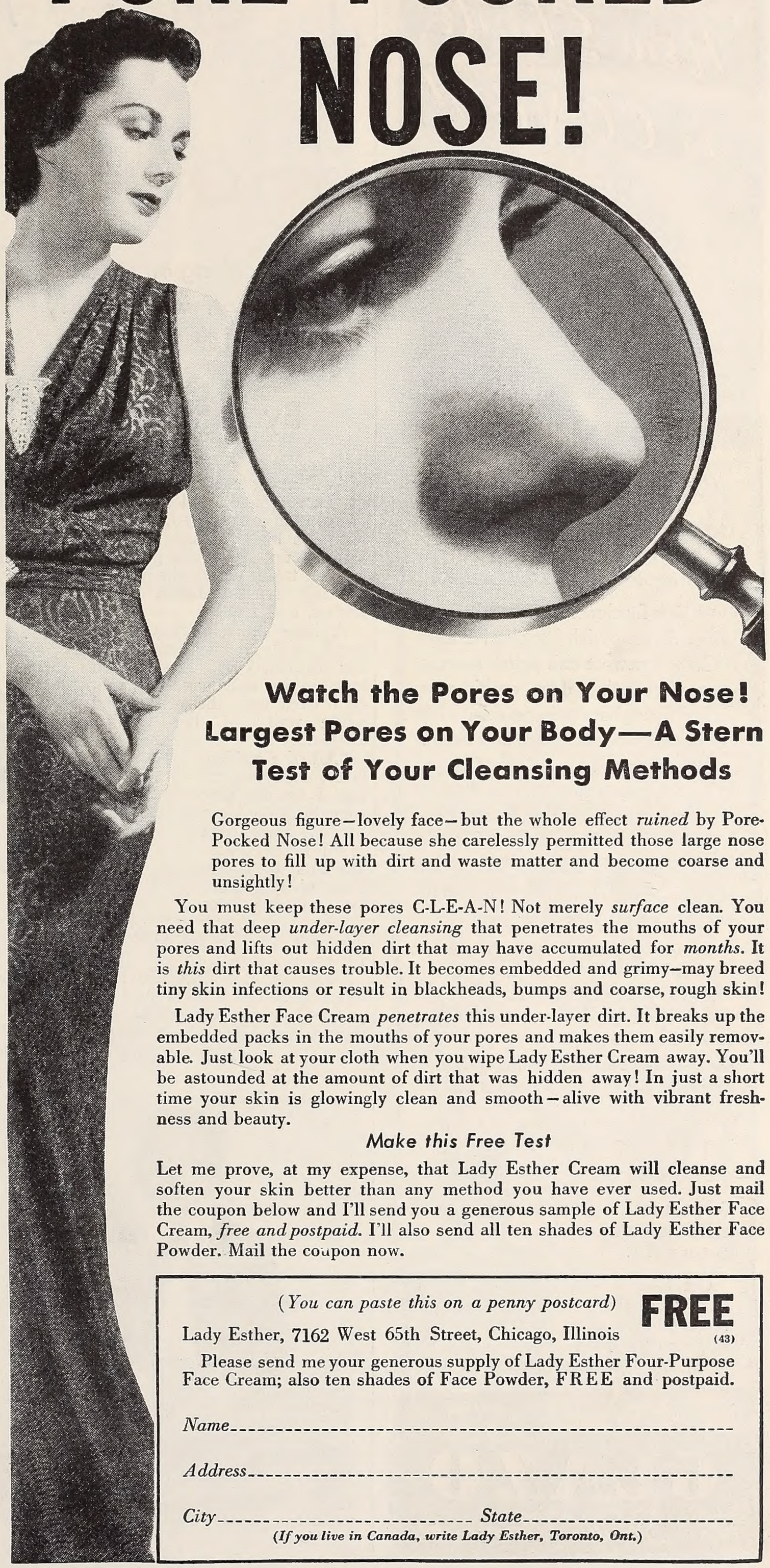
O. K. Ilona Massey in "Rosalie." She is a newcomer from Budapest, Hungary, with a lovely singing voice. Eleanor Powell was the leading lady in "Rosalie."

Elsie O. Your friends who say that Ramon Novarro played in the silent version of "Prisoner of Zenda," win the bet. Irene Dunne was born in 1904; she has one little daughter, adopted, about two years old.

C. V. Percy Marmont was born in London, England. Previous to his stage career, he studied law. He appeared on the stage in England and America, and then in pictures in both countries. He is now to be seen in "The Girl Was Young," a Gaumont British production, in which Nova Pilbeam plays the lead.

Jeanette G. You are right, Dick Baldwin is new to the screen. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., 27 years ago. He is 6 feet tall, has brown hair and eyes. After a screen test he was signed immediately to play the romantic lead in "Life Begins in College," opposite Gloria Stuart. Write to 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, Hollywood, California, for his photograph.

PORE-POCKED NOSE!



Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect *ruined* by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely *surface* clean. You need that deep *under-layer cleansing* that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for *months*. It is *this* dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream *penetrates* this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowingly clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test

Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, *free and postpaid.* I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois (43)

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

That Luscious New Shade is CONGO!

"Thrilling with Spring Costume colors," SAYS
JOAN BENNETT
charming star of I Met My Love Again

CONGO is fascinating...utterly feminine...in tune with Fashion! Congo is Glazo's newest nail polish success —an enchanting deep orchid-rose picked by stylists to harmonize with the season's blues, grays and beige.

Wherever you go you'll see Congo. It's a color men admire, too. Accent your costume with this latest, perfect shade. And remember Glazo's other smart new colors: TROPIC... SPICE...CABAÑA. Each is a gem of beauty. You'll love their variety!

GLAZO'S NEW
Perfected Polish

1. LONGER WEAR—lasts for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Meets the demand for a slightly heavier polish that really *clings* to the nails.

2. EASE OF APPLICATION—every drop goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.

3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE—won't fade in sun or water.

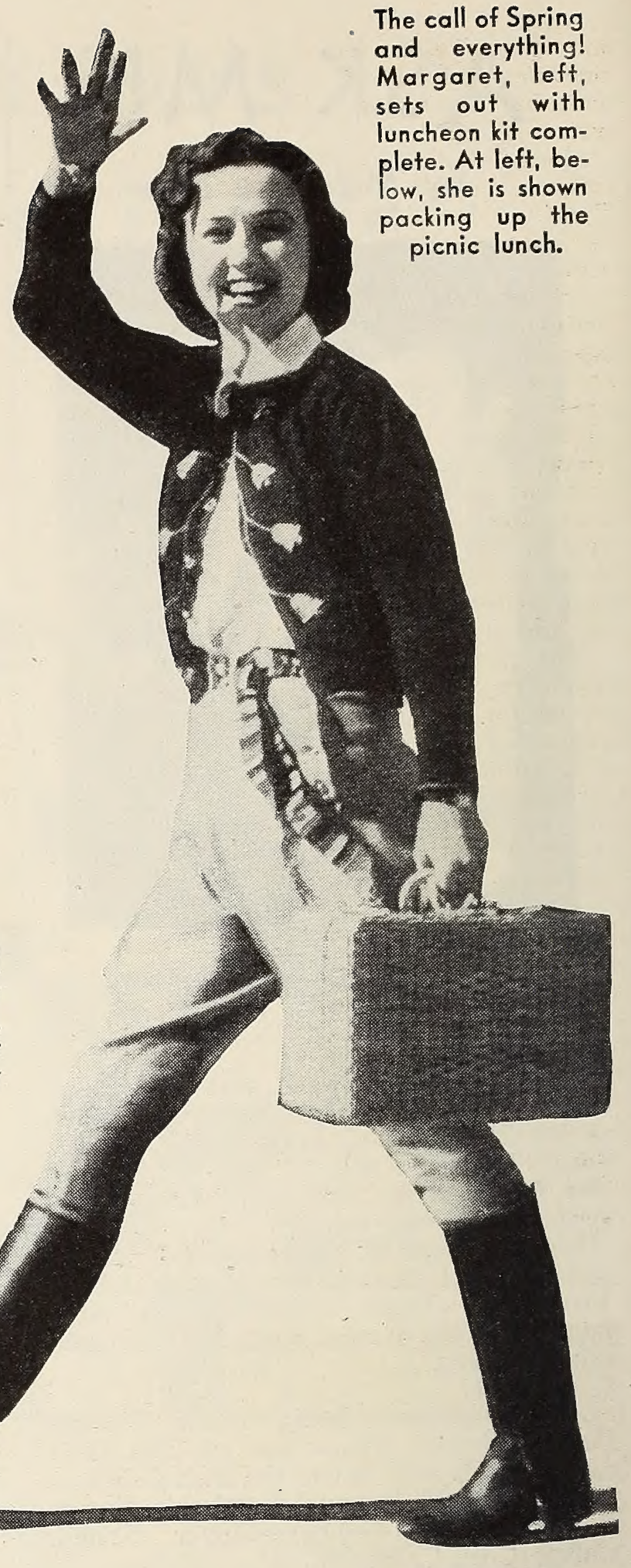
Get Glazo's new, exciting colors—CONGO, SPICE, CABAÑA and TROPIC—at all drug counters, in extra large sizes at..... 25¢

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

Inside the Stars' Homes

Come along on a picnic luncheon with lovely Margaret Lindsay

By Betty Boone



The call of Spring and everything! Margaret, left, sets out with luncheon kit complete. At left, below, she is shown packing up the picnic lunch.

"I'VE never cooked anything in my life, except picnic and sorority stuff, but I can tell merely by tasting a dish exactly how it's made," said Margaret Lindsay, looking up from the picnic box on her kitchen table, where she was painstakingly packing fried chicken, sandwiches, and fruit.

A live-looking person, Margaret, with electric sparks in her brown eyes. Her brown hair, in its neat page-boy roll, contrasted with the yellow and white walls of her shining kitchen.

"All of a sudden, last Sunday morning, I decided that something ought to be done about food in this house. There are lots of dishes I'm crazy about but no one ever serves them at any café or restaurant and my cook never heard of them. So, says I, I'll try my hand!

"Nothing uncertain about me, so I invited breakfast guests and set to work. Janet Gaynor's mother makes the most delicious dish—I've never seen it anywhere else, and she wasn't available to tell me how to do it. But I made it, and was it good!

"You take firm, ripe tomatoes, slice them fairly thin, leaving the skins on, because it's the skins that sort of burn brown and give it a taste. Fry the slices in lots of butter—oh, I mean *lots* of it!—until they are well done and the skins are good and brown. It's the cooking that's the important part of this dish—sounds silly, but it's true. When the tomatoes are cooked almost all to pieces, you scoop out the solider parts and put them in a hot dish; you leave the browner bits and the butter that's in the pan, add to this cream, more butter, salt and pepper, and stir while you cook; then pour over the tomatoes and serve on very hot buttered toast. With this dish, I served scrambled eggs, Beechnut bacon, grapefruit and coffee. You could serve this tomato dish on a picnic, for the hot dish everyone always likes, if you think you could keep your mind on it.

"I'm mad about picnics! When I lived at home in Iowa, we were always going on picnics. There you can go anywhere at all and find shady trees, green grass and clear streams. I used to take a good book along and maybe a few rolls and hot dogs and when I felt hungry I'd make a fire and toast them.

"In California, it's not so simple to find a picnic spot. You either go to the parks where they have stoves and even screened kitchens and plenty of conveniences, or

you do as we're doing today, ride and ride and probably wind up in an oat field with burrs sticking all over you and no water in sight!"

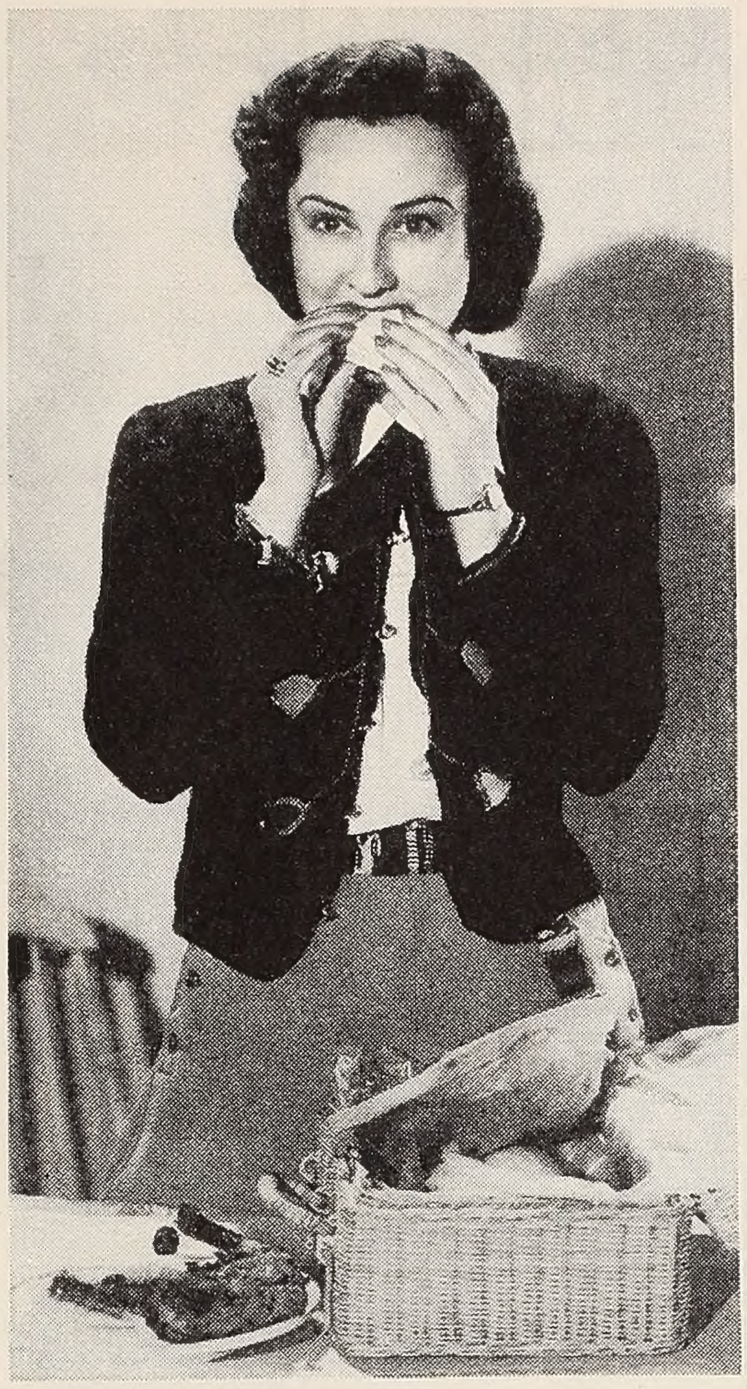
Margaret was prepared for anything, in riding trousers, boots, a most becoming Tyrolean jacket embroidered in vari-colored flowers and hung with tiny golden bells.

"Hamburgers are grand on picnics," she continued, wrapping the last sandwich, "I'm especially keen about mine. I take freshly ground meat, season it well with salt and pepper, and then pound it flat and thin with a spatula. Most hamburgers are too plump. Then I put a dab of Gulden's mustard on top and let it cook right into the meat. You know that flat taste they usually have? This gets rid of it. Then I put horse radish and Heinz pickel relish on each round, set it on a toasted round of roll and serve onions on the side.

"No picnic is a picnic without hard-cooked eggs. I hate the box lunches studios put up for locations, but I liked locations because of the eggs. Once when we were on location over in Pasadena at the Busch Gardens, George Arliss discovered my passion for eggs and you should have seen him stealing from box lunch to box lunch, purloining hard-cooked eggs for me! I had to eat six of them that day. I was almost ill, but who could refrain after Mr. Arliss was so gallant?

"Talking about dishes you can't order anywhere, there's string bean soup. Ever have any? Of course not! Nobody has it. But it's my favorite kind. So the other day, made very bold by my successs on Sunday, I tried it. You know, I'm beginning to think I have a knack. Knack, that's what they call it when you turn out to be a cook!

"For string bean soup, you string the beans and cut them—*not* slice them—get very small potatoes, and cook both of them until tender. Then you add milk, cream butter, salt and pepper and—" she kissed her hand to the memory.



Just a nibble before starting off! Margaret Lindsay can't resist sampling a sandwich. See her smart, style-wise outfit.

The picnic box packed, we strolled through the apartment, a neat, Hollywood-Spanish, flower-filled place. Margaret shrugged at it.

"There's nothing out of the ordinary about the apartment," she insisted. "Anybody might live in this living room or in this dining room. The real ME is in *my* room. Some people think it's charming. Some people think it's terrible. It's part Persian, part Hawaiian, part Mexican, part American, and half the time it looks like a junk room. But I love it! I'm so happy there. Everything I care about is around me. By day, it's a sitting room where I can have my friends. At night the *hikea* becomes a bed."

"The what?" I stammered.

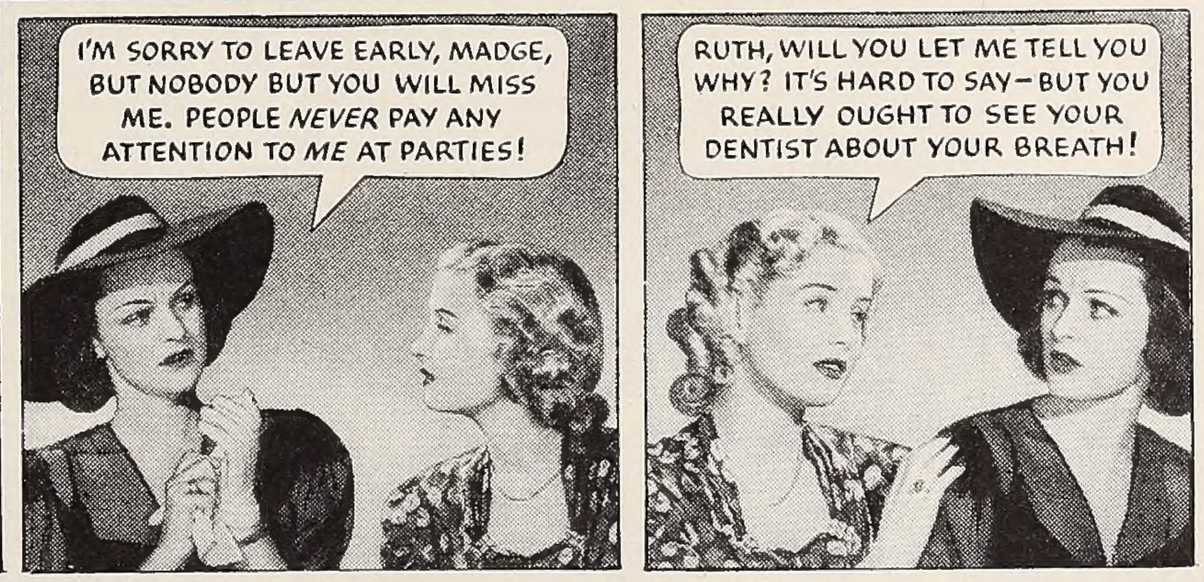
Margaret repeated "Hikea"—pronounced hick-e-ay. It turned out to be what looked like a very wide studio couch, covered in monks' cloth, with piles of blue, red, and yellow pillows scattered about.

"The first time I visited in Honolulu, I fell for the hikeas," confided my hostess. "I could hardly wait to get home and have one built. You see, they are mostly mattresses and very comfortable. The tapa cloth above it is from the islands, too—some friends who were over brought it to me. It's made from the bark of trees, you know."

The Persian part of the room is in the drapes, which are soft blues and reds; the Mexican influence lies in water bottles and flower jars acquired down at Olvera Street; and strings of chili beans, darkly red, hung on the wall.

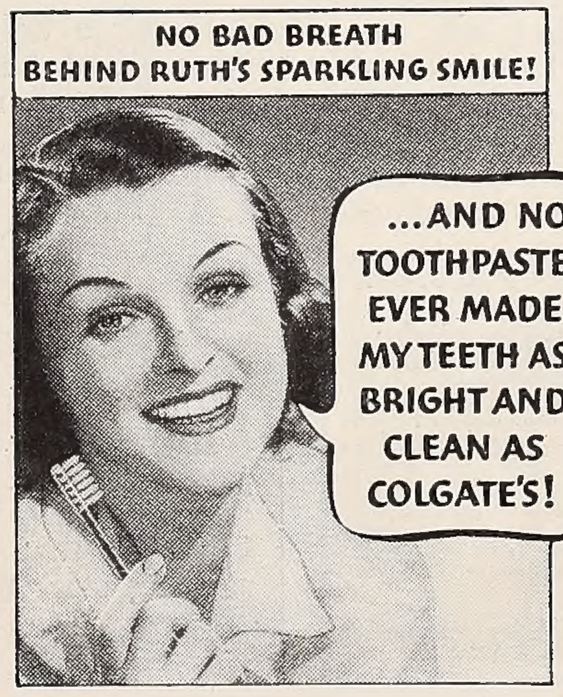
(*Continued on page 86*)

Lovely TO LOOK AT
...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!



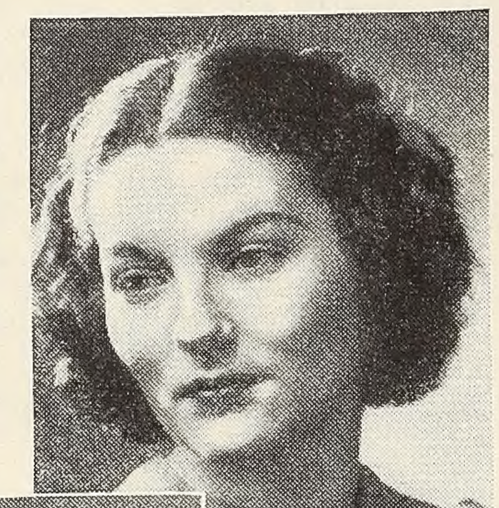
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"



LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

The greatest make-up improvement in years



THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.

SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is *light-proof.* If you use it, your face will not *shine.* Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

● At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over *shine.*

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

S. U.-6-38

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

Name _____

St. & No. _____

P. O. _____ *State* _____

(This offer not good in Canada)

Salutes and Snubs

The smiling lady on the right is Claire Trevor, very happy over honors accorded her by the cheers of our letter writers.

HOLLYWOOD LISTENS!

When the screengoers speak, Hollywood is a most interested listener—stars, producers and writers all want to know what you, the picture patron, have to say. Here's your chance, send your applause or your censure straight to headquarters. Name your favorite star, state your case for or against a certain picture, advance your ideas regarding the best type of vehicle for a star, or a story you would like to see filmed, and send it in a letter to this department. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

TCH! TCH! SIXTEEN AND SUNK

I fear my movie days are over—and here I'm only 16. Ever since I saw "You're Only Young Once" I have been looking for a movie that is just half as good. So far I haven't found one. That picture was great. Three cheers for Mickey Rooney and Eleanor Lynn!

Billy McMurry,
Stigler, Okla.

A "BEST" NOMINATION

My nomination for the subtlest acting of a basically unimportant part during this season is that of Henry Daniell as the blackmailer in "Madame X." Known for years as a leading exponent of ultra-sophisticated comedy on the London stage, it would be a treat to see him in such a part on the screen. Perhaps his finest characterization to date was his *Baron de Varville* in "Camille," which, for me at least, remains the most convincing portrait of aristocratic viciousness ever given to the screen.

Freda Wakeling,
London, England.

BOW TO JOHN BARRYMORE

Here's a Salute to the greatest actor of them all—John Barrymore. Every gesture, every inflection of his voice seems exactly right, whether it be Comedy, as in "True Confession," or Tragedy, as in "Dinner at Eight."

Eugene Clark,
Kingston, N. H.

PREDICTS THE TOP FOR TREVOR

Let's send up Salutes for that very pretty actress, Claire Trevor; especially for her grand acting in "Big Town Girl." I predict that Miss Trevor will be a top ranking star by the end of 1938.

Miss N. Nesser,
Union Town, Pa.

WANNA BUY A BOOK, HOLLYWOOD?

Why doesn't some smart producer snap up Louis Bromfield's "The Rains Come"? Properly produced it would make all previous Academy Award pictures seem pale and wishy-washy by comparison.

Florence Peer,
Avenel, N. J.

EUREKA! ELEANOR STEWART

Recently, I saw a western, "Where Trails Divide," starring Tom Keene. A girl by the name of Eleanor Stewart had the feminine lead and, I think, she was a sensation. She photographs beautifully and acts very naturally. Why don't the studios give more of their attention and opportunity to a girl like this, instead of bringing in these "European finds"?

Miss G. Peters,
San Jose, Calif.

PRAISES FOR JOHN PAYNE

Happy landings to a newcomer who certainly seems to be on his way to eventual stardom—John Howard Payne. His appearances on the screen have demonstrated that he has talent, and certainly he has good looks. So many times promising newcomers rise to temporary prominence and then are soon forgotten. That I don't think will happen in the case of John Howard Payne.

Martha Baer,
Newark, N. J.

TRIBUTE TO TRACY

To the victor belong the spoils, and to Spencer Tracy most certainly should go the highest honors. If anything on earth is a man's very own it is that which he does through himself alone. I think Spencer's acting in "Captains Courageous" was one of the most thoroughly inspired achievements this past year has brought us via the screen.

Lorraine Menger,
Hawthorne, N. J.

YOU'LL BE SEEING LANNY

Why is it that after two successful pictures Lanny Ross made no more? He has the personality, appearance and voice to become a foremost singing actor on the screen—if only Hollywood will give him the chance.

Miss E. Hicks,
Manhasset, N. Y.

AFFABLE MISCHA AUER

When Mischa Auer appeared in person here I had the pleasure of meeting him; spent 20 minutes with him in his dressing-room. A more gracious, polished and courteous man I have never met, and I sincerely hope he will continue his clever and delightful characterizations in Hollywood creations for years to come.

Marjorie Koeppel,
Cincinnati, O.

BOUQUETS FOR BRUCE

Salutes to the lovely Virginia Bruce. I have seen her in many pictures and in each was captivated by her piquant personality. I consider Virginia one of the most intriguing actresses on the screen, and deserving of the biggest opportunity—even opportunity to play again opposite Robert Taylor, with whom she once appeared. Virginia is ready, able, and beautiful enough to scale the heights if given the break she most certainly merits.

Gene Pierce,
Appalochie, Va.

ANALYZING ERROL

Errol Flynn is one of the finest looking men on the screen not merely because his features are handsome, but for the strength and purpose reflected in his face. The admirably firm set of his mouth and chin is balanced nicely by the humorous, quizzical look in his eyes. Altogether he's a pretty swell person and actor. In fact, he's tops in my estimation.

W. W. Williamson,
Philadelphia, Pa.

RE YOUR LETTERS TO STARS

Very often do I read complaints that the stars don't answer their fan mail. Based on my experience it seems to me that in most cases either the writers did not properly address their letters or failed to give necessary information as to their own address. I have received replies to letters I have written to a great number of very important screen stars.

L. Gilbert,
Norfolk Va.

COMPETITION FOR GABLE?

Mark up one super-Snub for producers for giving Craig Reynolds those weak, black-sheep characters he is assigned so consistently. Craig has the ability, the looks, personality and pleasant voice which, if given the benefit of worthwhile rôles, would rival Gable and Taylor—and that's what the screen needs, some real competition for Clark and Bob.

R. Allan,
Dunedin, New Zealand.

BIGGER AND BETTER FOR BINNIE

What I can't understand is why Hollywood has practically typed Binnie Barnes as an adventuress, or "other woman" type. Personally I think they are making a mistake about Binnie, for she has proved herself a fine actress, and deserving of opportunities far better than those rubber-stamp sirens producers persist in giving her.

Mary Ann Elder,
Danville, Ill.

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART

She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspiration,* but Mum prevents odor *before it starts.* To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

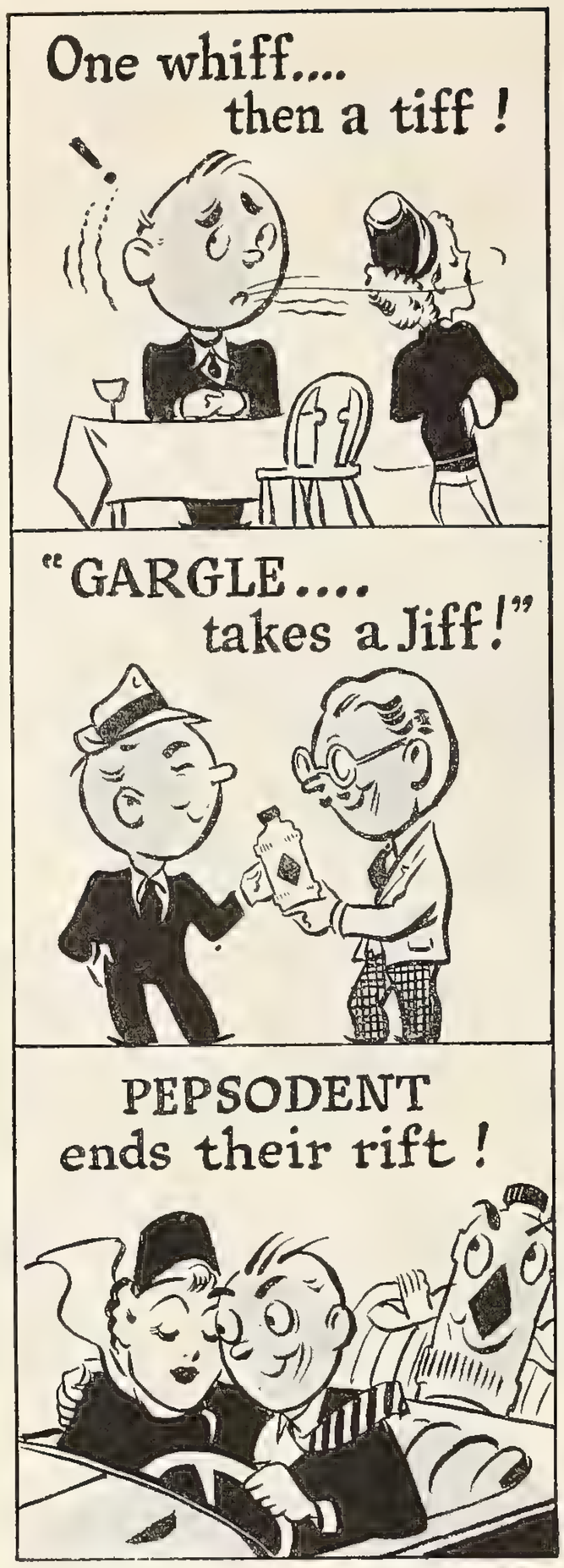
MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.*

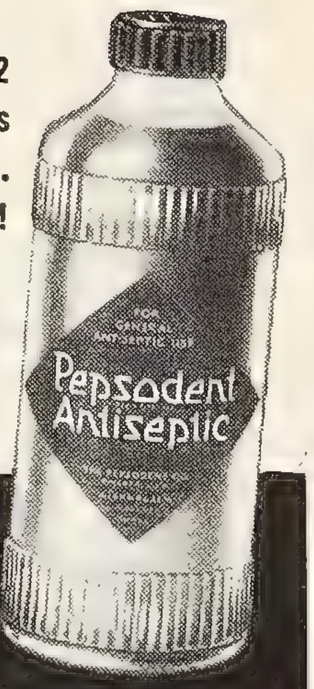
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



In Germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS



Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

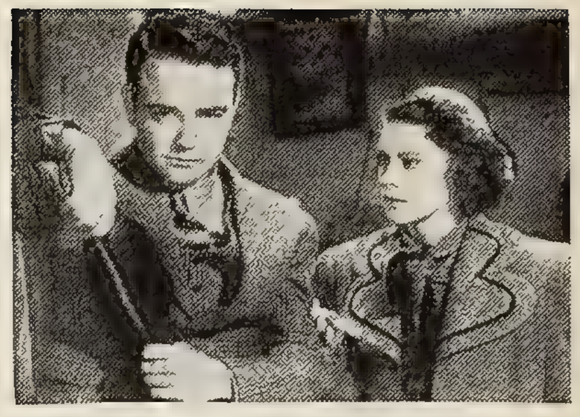
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC *keeps your* **MOUTH and BREATH SWEETER HOURS LONGER**

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

King of the Newsboys

Republic



An exceptionally fine impersonation by Lew Ayres as a boy from the slums who becomes wealthy and powerful in his particular line—newspaper sales and distribution—and extremely effective acting by Helen Mack, Alison Skipworth and others, make this a far better than average melodrama of life in New York. Neither pretentious, nor pretending to that which it does not achieve, here is good entertainment.

There's Always a Woman

Columbia

A jolly number and a feather for the caps of Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas, who, like that *Thin Man and Wife,* might go on to more such adventures in impudent comedy, by request. Melvyn, detective; Joan, his wife—with mystery, clews, surprises, laughs and more of them, as Joan, trying to solve the crime, deliberately impedes Melvyn's search for the murderer. Breezy and boisterous, this is good fun.

Sailing Along

Gaumont-British

Dances by Jessie Matthews and Jack Whiting, a couple of good tunes, and some occasionally effective comedy material expertly handled by Roland Young. There is a plot, of course, and it's the old one about the little Miss Nobody who becomes a star—quitting her tap dancing for mere amusement on her guardian's river boat, for the dazzling setting of a London musical show. It sums up as very spotty.

Arson Gang Busters

Republic

It's a racket-ridden world we live in, friends, and you'll learn how gangs burn buildings for profit if you see this programmer. Personally we got more kick "going to the fire" the easy way of looking at the screen than from the racket angle of the yarn. Bob Livingston—a really good action drama star—and his cast: Warren Hymer, Jack La Rue, Rosalind Keith and others, make it good run-o'-the-mill fare.

Start Cheering

Columbia

Yes, and let the cheers be for the return of Jimmy Durante—who really "returns" as a comedian who's funny in a not elaborate but joyous musical show about a Hollywood heart-throb, Charles Starrett, who quits acting to go to college. Jimmy, the star's agent, tries to get him kicked out of college. Specialties by Gertrude Niesen and others, and a fine cast of film favorites help. A snappy, rib-tickling show.

Fools for Scandal

Warners

Airy comedy about a movie star pursued and won by a titled French gallant. The presence of so gifted and ingratiating a comedienne as Carole Lombard, and the lacquered manner of its staging give the film what brightness it has. Fernand Gravet plays dashingly in a vain effort to rise above mediocre material, and Ralph Bellamy is stalwart support. Festive but feeble pseudo-smart jesting. A new cycle, please!

Over the Wall

Warners

More melodramatics behind prison bars, with the usual claptrap over a convict in for a crime he didn't commit. Dick Foran is *Jerry Davis,* ex-pugilist who gets over his troublesome traits in the jail house by getting interested in singing. There is romance, vindication for *Jerry,* and a good job for him as a radio crooner. June Travis, John Litel, and Foran do their best with mechanical and unconvincing rôles.

Condemned Woman

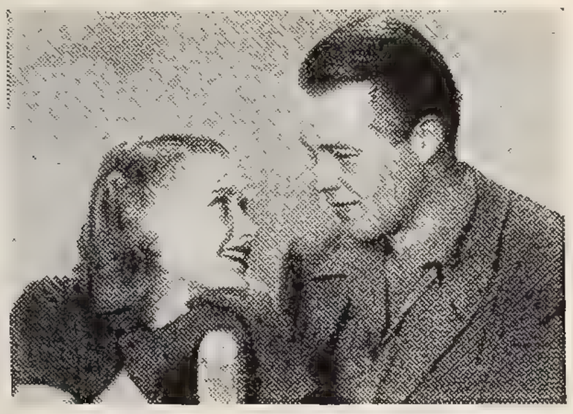
RKO-Radio

Prison melodrama—yes, another! Sally Eilers and Louis Hayward: Sally a convict and Louis the prison doctor, find love and almost are lost to each other by a prison "break" and scheming by a warden, who wants to save Louis from marrying a woman with a prison record. Anne Shirley has a sympathetic but surprisingly minor part. Aside from the likable people acting it, this is too drab and dull to be pleasing.

Rose of the Rio Grande

Monogram

Brisk in its dramaic inventions, colorful with the swashbuckling heroics of romantic melodrama, here is enjoyable entertainment for the whole family. The locale, Mexico; the time, a century ago when bandits ravaged the country and a gay caballero rode them down. John Carroll is splendid as the singing hero, and Movita is a most pleasing Mexican belle, who joins in the love song. Antonio Moreno is also present.



Love, Honor, and Behave

Warners

The main point is that there are moments of engaging romance developed by Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane—both very attractive about their wooing and domestic difficulties as newlyweds. For the rest, of which there's too much, this tries to put over some sort of philosophy about how and how not to bring up a son—Wayne's ma insisting he be a "good loser" and his pa that Wayne must "play to win."

Invisible Enemy

Republic

Dealers in oil and imperialism covet concessions in distant, unnamed lands, and here comes dashing *Jeffrey Clavering,* of the British Foreign Service, to uncover the "ring" by exposing its leader through the leader's wife, *Jeffrey's* former flame. Alan Marshall, Tala Birell and C. Henry Gordon head a very able and pleasing cast. A most extravagant plot, but swell entertainment if you like your movie melodrama "neat."

They give you *FRESH* Faces

They Keep Stars Fresh!

Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH? Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

OLD GOLD gives you *FRESH* CIGARETTES

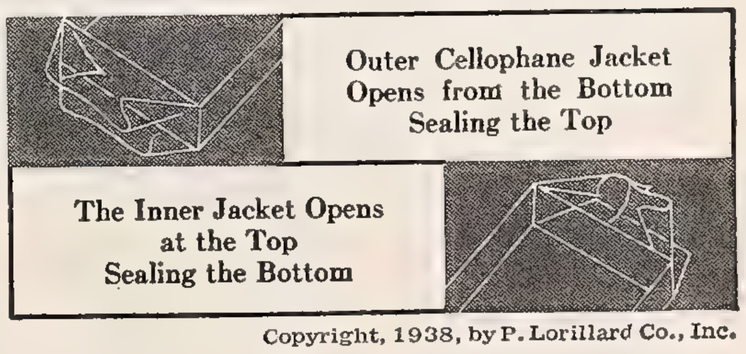
HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star . . . to retain her charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you; and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette . . . to retain its charm and appeal . . . must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star . . . Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an *extra* jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em *fresh*



TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!

. . . and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!

...and there's romance in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The

RITZ BROTHERS

in

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARTIN • MARJORIE WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon

Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefullest, swingin'-est, best!

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Deanna Durbin

Deanna Durbin, above, is one of the greatest screen stars—at only fifteen! At left, see how she looked when she was just thirteen, before she won instant fame in "Three Smart Girls" and followed with two more sensational successes.

DEAR DEANNA DURBIN:

This is a fan letter. I know you get a good many, most of them asking for your autographed photograph, or wanting to meet you. Well, I'm not asking for your photograph—I have dozens of them, handed to me with the compliments of Universal Pictures in the hope that they will be used in this magazine. Durbin photographs are positively no novelty in my life; neither are photographs of Gable and Crawford, Davis and Colbert, Lombard and Cooper. I get in to see your pictures ahead of release date in the projection room, instead of waiting to see them in theatres with the rest of your fans. But seeing Durbin photographs and motion pictures never seems routine to me. I thoroughly enjoy them; like all other Durbin fans, I tell my friends so; and thus far I haven't guessed wrong, we're all Durbin fans together.

So I'm not asking for your photograph, or a pass to your pictures. All I'm asking is a simple question: what becomes of that girl, Deanna Durbin, when she finishes a picture? Where does she go? That sweet, sparkling, wholly natural little girl with the enchanting grin, who expresses such gay humor and good fellowship that she has us all shouting for her? She must be in hiding somewhere. Because it couldn't have been that girl who visited New York not so long ago. Or could it?

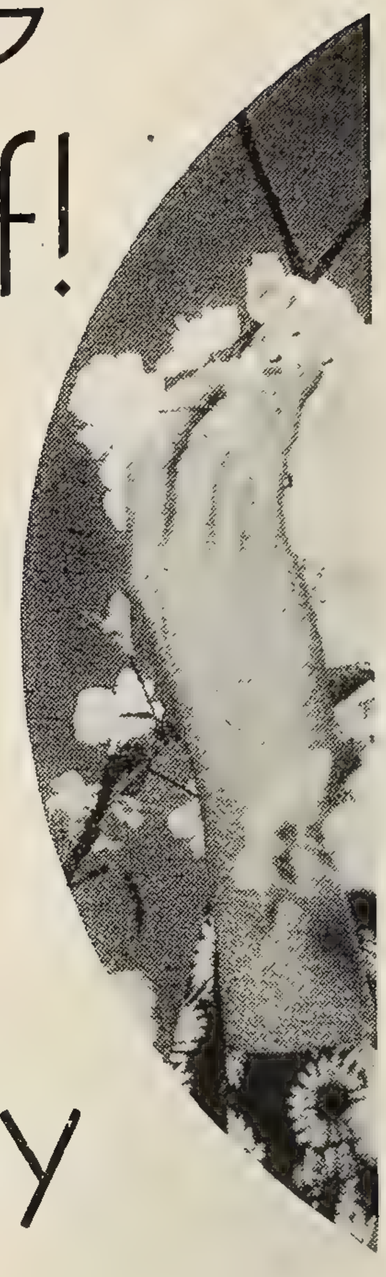
I wanted to meet her. Not at a big press party, where a star must be forever a star no matter what her age; but as fan to favorite. As I'd met Garbo and Dietrich, Tyrone Power and Norma Shearer, Dick Powell and Sonja Henie and so many other somebodies. I wanted to meet you as I'd want to meet any grand person who had given me much pleasure and whom I wanted to thank. But Deanna Durbin—I mean the girl in New York, not the fresh and spontaneous girl of "Mad about Music"—was not to be met. Incredible that a fifteen-year-old should be as remote and inaccessible as Garbo? But that's the way it turned out for this fan.

Of course I was disappointed. I still don't believe it. I persist in hoping that the Deanna Durbin of the three-smash-hits-in-a-row is the real girl. I still look forward to toddling in to see and hear her in "Tristan and Isolde" on the new gigantic-colossal super-technicolor screens along about 1950. Unless—unless somewhere along the way she forgets all about us. Us? Just the fans, Deanna. We are really too important to overlook. There are so many of us, and whether we're housewives or schoolgirls or waiters or stenographers or bankers or magazine editors, we are sincere about you. We can take our illusions or leave them alone, as a rule. We know now that the great and glamorous Greta is really a tall, thin, haunted lady whom we might not recognize if we passed her on the street. That Gable loves Lombard, and Taylor loves Stanwyck—not us. We know that Shirley Temple is not our little girl at all, but the self-reliant wonderchild of Mr. and Mrs. George Temple of Beverly Hills, thank you. It doesn't matter about that. But we certainly don't want to believe that Deanna Durbin, of all people, is any different than she is on the screen. She just can't be "difficult" or spoiled, or indifferent. She may be shy, or conservative, or simply not publicity-conscious. If so, we say better luck next time. If not, and even though she is getting to be a big girl now, I wish somebody would give her a good spanking.

Delight Evans

"The Groaner," as he is affectionately called by his friends, has a quizzical smile as he looks toward his charming wife, Dixie, who here tells the world all about him. Below, the Crosby ranch house.

BING himself! By Dixie Lee Crosby



For the first time in five years Bing's beautiful wife talks about her illustrious husband for publication. Exclusive to SCREENLAND!

FIVE years it's been since I last sat down to my trusty typewriter to tell a palpitant world (are yuh listenin', reader?) about my illustrious husband—Bing Crosby. Sometimes he is affectionately called The Groaner by his friends. Latterly, since he took up horse-racing, a few other appellations have been added.

Five years is a long time. When we returned to Hollywood five years ago we hadn't a baby to bless ourselves with and horses were things our fathers and mothers told us about. *Race* horses were associated in our minds with the *Black Beauty* of our childhood and the Paul Revere of history. Bing had only a few two-reel comedies and one feature picture—the first of "The Big Broadcasts" (which, I regret to state, was not exactly a signal success) —as his sole claim to cinematic fame.

True, he was not exactly unknown, thanks to radio, and we knew where our next meal was coming from. But Bing is a funny person. Money means less than nothing to him (as long as he has plenty of it) and he was more concerned over "the blue of the night and the gold of the day" as found in Southern California, than he was over pictures. I guess he still is.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge in those five years. Four babies arrived on the flood—and I'm not speaking of the late downpour!

Picture has succeeded picture and whether they were good, bad or indifferent they have all made money. Instead of feeling humbly grateful to Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie for condescending to appear in a picture with him, as they did in "College Humor" (the film that made him a star), he has reached the position where he has had Carole Lombard, Kitty Carlisle, Madge Evans—and Mary Carlisle—for leading ladies, to say nothing of being co-starred with Marion Davies and Miriam Hopkins—though not at the same time. Oh, yes! Success has come to Mr. Crosby in a big way.

When we realized we were back in Hollywood to stay we built a home. We were very happy in it for a time—a short time. Then, one day, Bing read an article about himself in which the writer said, "There is no one in Hollywood who takes more joy and pride in his home—and I assure you it is a very modest home as Hollywood houses go—than Bing."

The writer had never been inside our home but that made no difference. There was the statement in bold, bare print. Although he never put it into so many words, I imagine Bing felt pretty much like Ted Healy in "Hollywood Hotel" when he asked Louella Parsons why she never gave him a break in her column.

"You're not news," Louella answered.

"Is that so!" Healy exclaimed. "Whadda I have to do to be news—take a bath in champagne?"

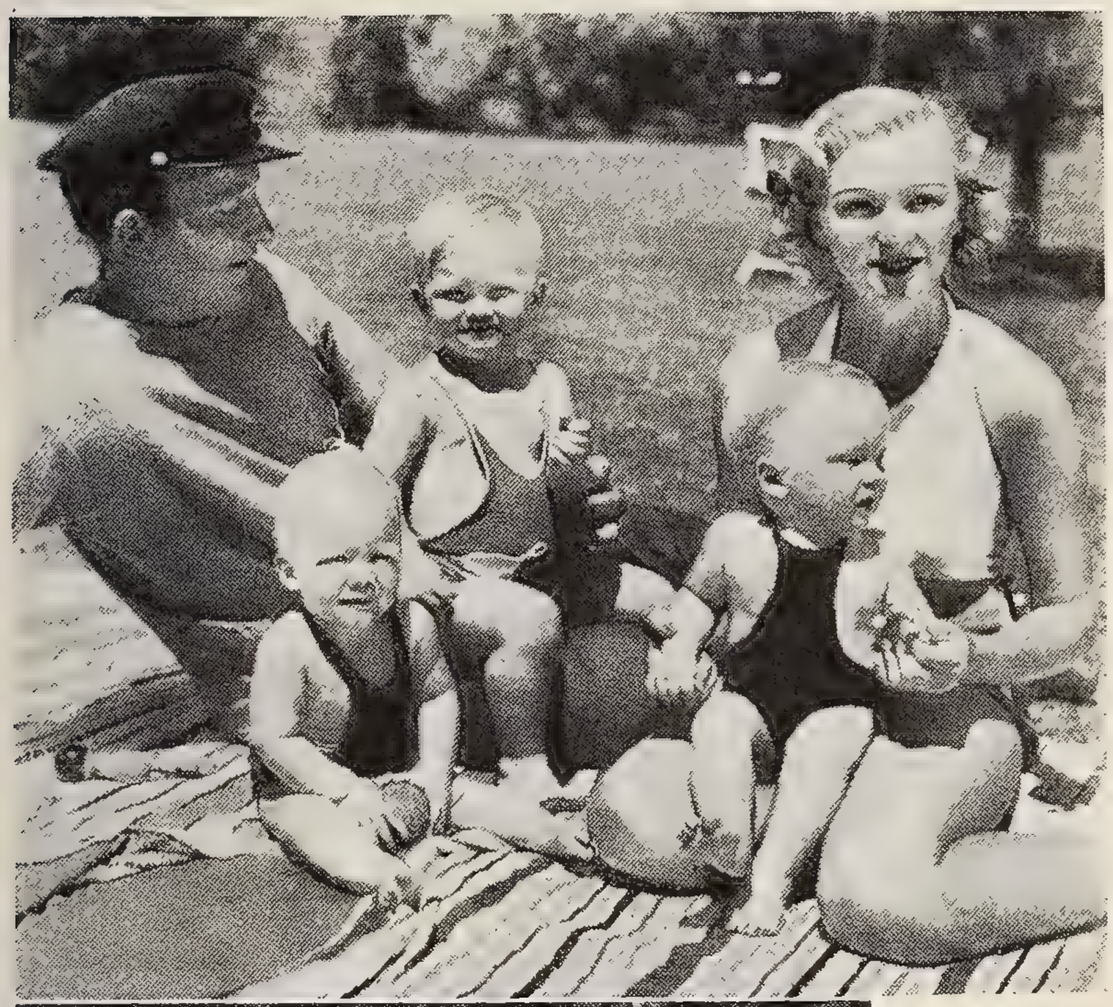
I can fancy Bing asking himself, "Whadda I have to build to keep my diggings from being called modest—the Metropolitan Museum?"

I don't know what that writer was used to in the way of homes but if writers have better homes than that one, I'm going to suggest to Bing he give up acting and crooning in favor of writing. The bills for that house reached such staggering proportions that when we sent out invitations to the house-warming we bade our friends come to the opening of "Crosby's Folly."

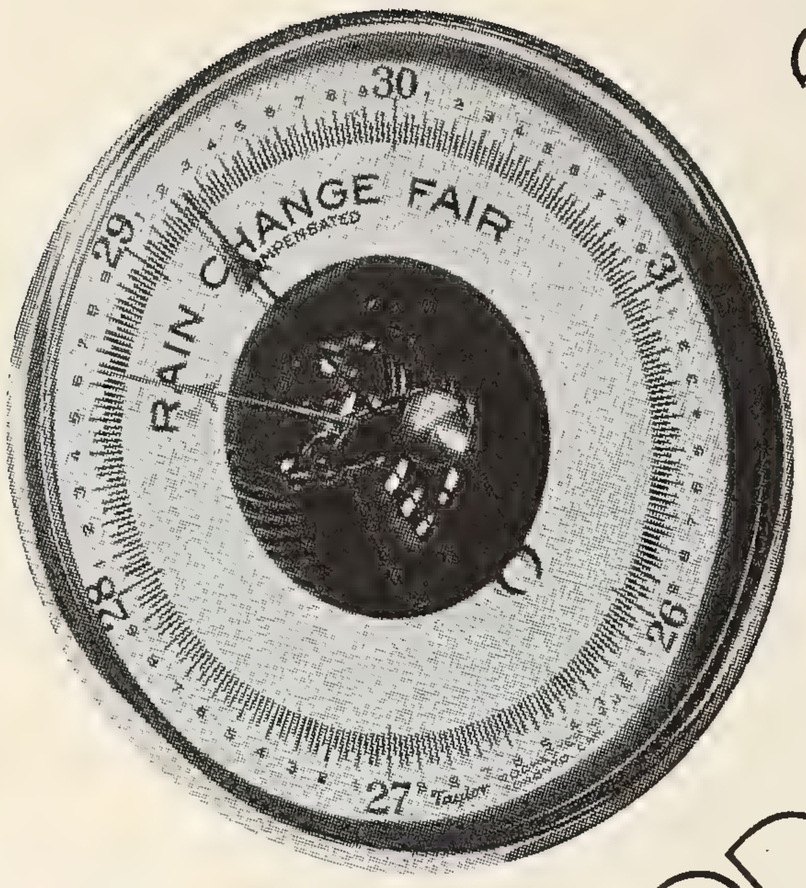
At any rate, the place was spoiled for us. So we built a simple little mansion, on the Mount Vernon style, of about eighteen rooms, seven baths, and an eight-car garage. (The latter, despite frequent and vehement protests on my part, still has too many empty stalls and there would be even more if the servants didn't keep their cars in it, too).

The house finished, we moved in, sat back and dared anyone to call this place unpretentious. So far there have been no cracks. At least, none have appeared in print and no one has said anything to our faces. It took us a month to learn our way around the joint without a guide from the architect's office and the telephone system is so complicated we considered putting in a private operator.

For weeks I felt guilty and self-conscious whenever I showed visitors through the place for fear they would think we were trying to put on dog. Bing swears my self-consciousness arose from fear I would not be able to find my way back to (*Please turn to page 80*)



Mrs. Crosby, top left, is one of Hollywood's prettiest girls—but more important, the most devoted wife and mother. Center, with three of their four boys when babies. Left, Bing busy at his hobby, the bangtails. Right: three of the four young Crosbys in recent snapshots; Gary, the older, flanked by the twins. All very dressed up, in the upper picture, and in the lower all very happy though not so snappy sartorially, as they play in the sand.



HOLLYWOOD BAROMETER

Read Hollywood's amazing record in prediction and wonder at its uncanny accuracy as a prophet of things to come. What does the Barometer forecast now?

By Temple Crane

WHY listen to political pundits to learn about the future? Watch Hollywood! The movie colony, sensitive and changeable as a chameleon, provides an amazingly accurate barometer of things to come—if you can read the signs!

Basil Rathbone told me, "In the mad enthusiasm with which Hollywood took up the Big Apple, heels tapping, hips swaying — I saw the same hysteria that gripped pre-war London when the tap-tap of dancers of the Texas Tommy was echoed later by the sinister tapping of machine-gun bullets on the Belgian front! Knowing how accurately Hollywood has forecast many major events of the past, it wasn't a pleasant thought!"

Rathbone is just one of the stars who know that depressions can be foreseen, recoveries predicted, and all sort of social trends, both important and trivial, read beforehand in the actions of the movie colony.

Hollywood depends for its very existence on knowing just what will amuse, grip, sadden, terrify and interest you and you months before you even know it yourselves. Pictures filmed six months before release must strike the mood of the moment when they reach your neighborhood theaters. No wonder Hollywood can predict!

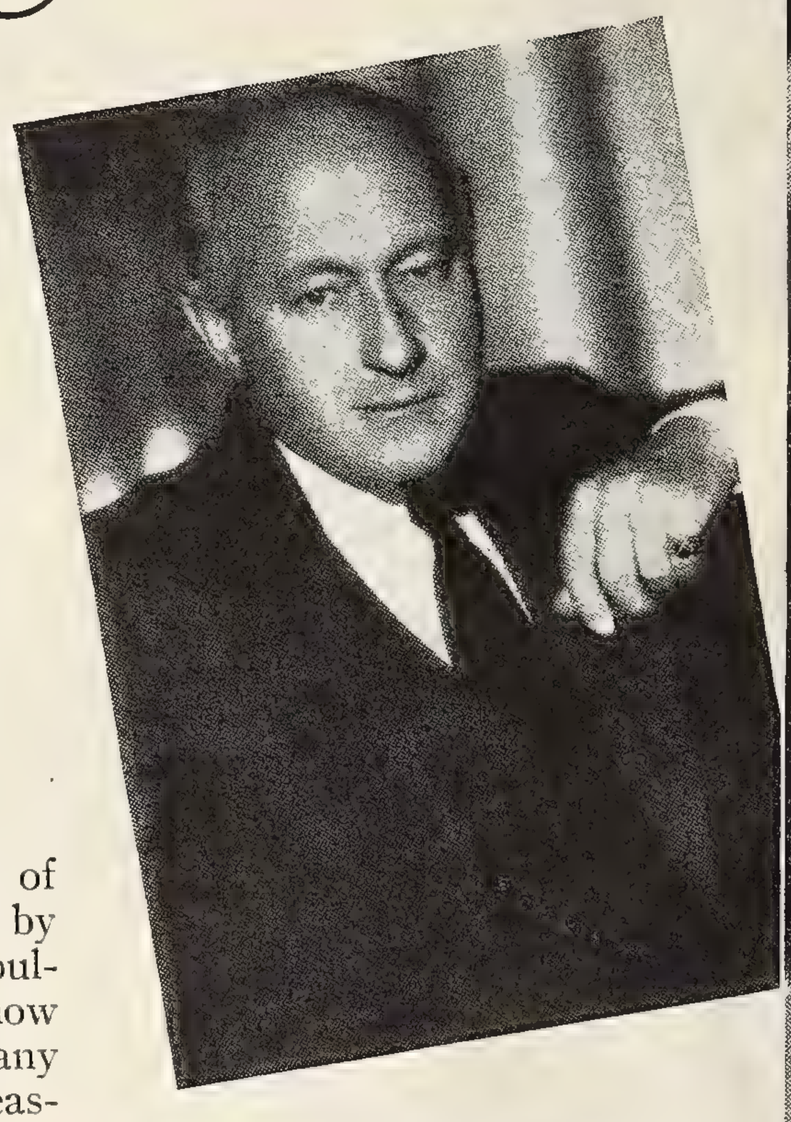
Walt Disney released his appealing "Snow White" just as recession headlines blazed from every newspaper's front page, just when the nation was ready for a fairy-tale fantasy. A coincidence? Yet "Snow White" began production three years before it was released!

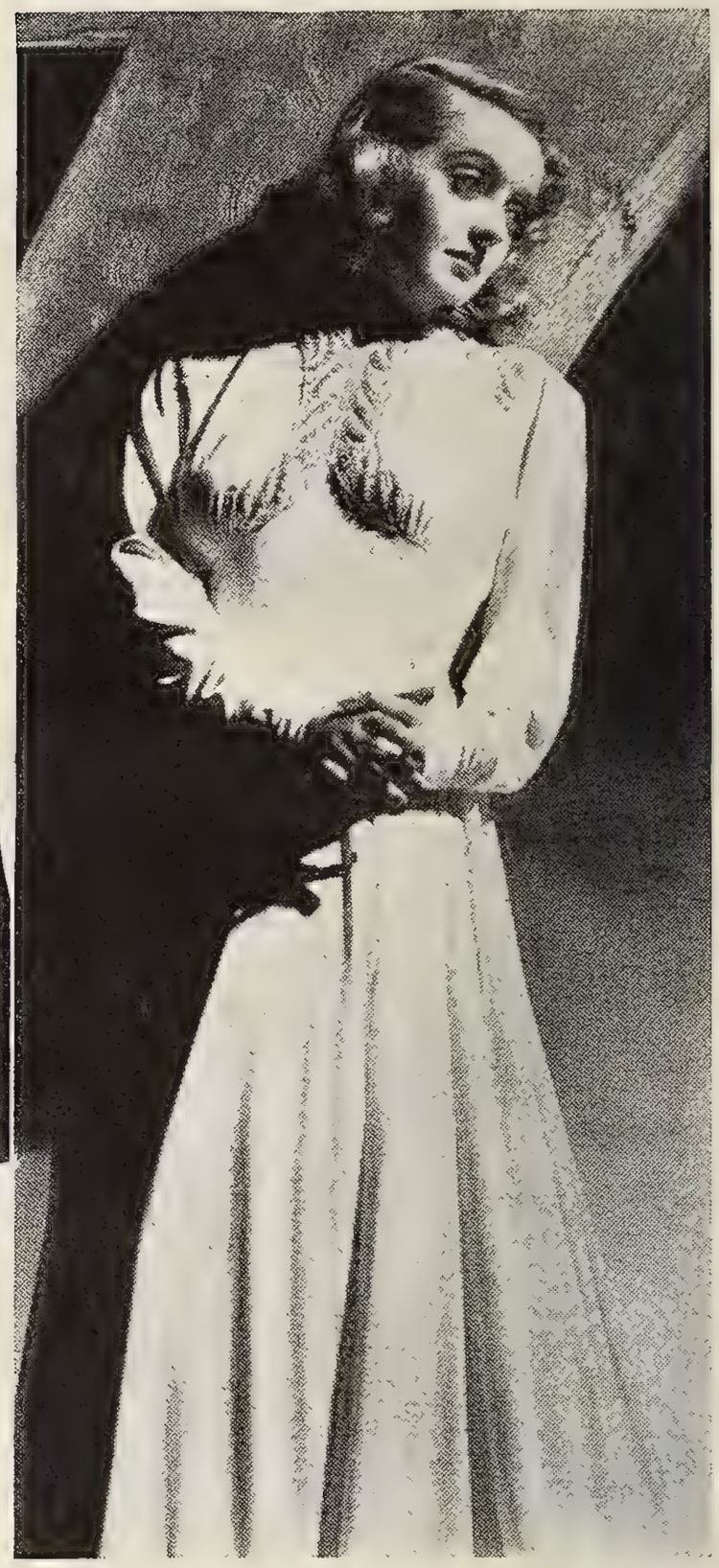
Similarly, Disney gave us a chance to whistle away our fears with "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" in the midst of the depression itself, and solemn editorials were written on the song's significance. Another coincidence? Or just another example of Hollywood's gift for reading the future?

Cecil DeMille told me, "Perhaps there is no stronger indication of the pulse of a people than their current likes and dislikes in entertainment. It is especially revealing since it catches them off-guard, unaware that they are betraying trends of social and economic significance. For instance, during the depression, American women chose such men as Warner Baxter, John Boles, Otto Kruger, Leslie Howard, Edward Arnold and others as their idols. Both in their screen rôles and in their private lives these men stood for solidity, security, *safety*. Before the depression, you will remember, youth and youth alone could star in Hollywood, and men and women past the thirty-mark were relegated to character parts.

"Then, when the economic trend changed, and prosperity began to return, we have seen youth sweep back into the limelight again. Women throughout the country are seeking pure romance once more. Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and other talented youngsters are raised to stardom over-night because they represent carefree romance and the zest of youth!

"I believe good times will return and remain, if the





Telling you what the Barometer indicates, are Cecil B. DeMille, above; Bette Davis, right; and on opposite page, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone Power, Hedda Hopper, and Margot Grahame, lower right. Look ahead with them.

Claudette Colbert's Vacation Diary

Scoop! Claudette's own vivid account of her "second honeymoon" vacation

With Deletions by Elizabeth Wilson

Somewhere in that crowd above is Claudette Colbert! The star was mobbed upon her arrival in Naples, Italy. Left, she smiles her appreciation of the warm welcome. Right, coming down the gangplank escorted by the members of a welcome committee.

Photographs Courtesy Paramount Pictures

SS. Conte di Savoia

YESTERDAY at noon we passed the Statue of Liberty and I sank into my deck chair with a happy sigh of relief. For the first time I felt that at last I was *really* on my vacation. My first vacation in seven years! Just think, five months without a single thought of studios, broadcasts, publicity, rushes, fittings, and six A.M. calls. It's fun being a movie star, but I believe it is more fun *not* being a movie star. I had just dismissed Hollywood completely from my mind when Jack collapsed in the chair beside me and casually remarked that he had searched the stateroom carefully and there were no fans under the bed. Well, we can't all be Robert Taylors!

Terry was too funny for words last night. She would give me my stocking, and then would say, "Pardon me, Madame," and dash like mad for the bathroom. Then she would return with a big smile, give me my shoe, and run again for the bathroom. I kept telling her that she was in the clutches of seasickness and had better go to bed. "No, Madame, I am feeling fine," she would say, and run again. I must say she kept her pep if she didn't keep anything else. I finally persuaded her to go to bed, and I went to dinner, simply ravenous. I even devoured the caviar and anchovies. I thought I was the one who was supposed to have a sensitive stomach, and Terry to be as strong as an ox. But it seems a little thing like a rocking boat can't throw me—not after all those weeks I spent on a tread-mill for "I Met Him in Paris."

Naples, Italy

When we landed in Naples this morning there was an enormous crowd at the dock to meet the boat. But so well behaved. They would call my name, giggle, and then applaud heartily. I was terribly pleased. We had a few hours' stop-over so Jack and I went to see the new ruins recently excavated at Pompeii. I honestly can't get excited over a ruin, one ruin looks like all other ruins to me—(Deletion: Miss Colbert mentions several ruins she has seen in Hollywood that weren't caused by an erupting volcano)—and I suppose it is a lack of something in my soul. But anyway, Jack was excited enough for both of us and tried to take pictures of everything at the same time. When we returned to the boat the newspaper

Claudette arrives in Genoa and walks right in to another warm welcome. You can identify Dr. Jack Pressman, her husband, if you look for the good-looking gentleman in the camel's hair coat.

representatives from Naples and Rome were there to meet us with their photographers and I hastily tried to shake the ancient dust of Pompeii from me and look more like a movie star and less like a tourist. The press are charming. They are going to spend the night on the boat, we land at Genoa in the morning, and interview me at dinner tonight.

Milan, Italy

Well, I don't know what my drawing power is at the New York Paramount right now, but I must say that in Genoa it is terrific. I think the entire population of the town was down to meet the boat—at least three thousand of them. They grabbed me the minute I stepped off the gangplank, and their enthusiasm was very thrilling but very frightening too—especially when they decided that my dress would make lovely little souvenirs. I tried to give them a movie star smile, Lubitsch would have been proud of me, but every time I heard a rip I must have looked awfully sick. I think I autographed everything in town—including the wedding menu of a cute little bride and groom who with the entire wedding party toasted me in Italian *vino* as the train pulled out of the station.

Innesbruck, Austria

We left Milan at midnight and I was dreaming happily in my warm little bed when suddenly there was a great rumpus at the door. The conductor regretfully informed us that we would have to get out of the compartment and move into another car—the sleeper, it seems, only went as far as the Austrian border. I haven't been up at five in the morning since we had to do sunrise scenes for "Maid of Salem." It was bitter cold, and there wasn't a chance of getting even a cup of coffee. While I was dressing with chattering teeth I sort of longed for my warm, heavenly bed in Holmby Hills with plenty of blankets and unit heat. And then I looked out of the window and saw the Alps! Holmby Hills—phooey!

As soon as we arrived at Innesbruck we drove to the nearest hotel for breakfast. It was nine o'clock, but fortunately, as we discovered later, we were cold but not hungry. For three cups of coffee and three eggs Jack had to pay six dollars! Well, we couldn't afford night club prices like that, so as soon as we thawed out Jack rented a car from Cook's and we drove through beautiful mountain passes to St. Anton—the most marvelous skiing spot in the world.

St. Anton, Austria

At last I am skiing to my heart's content. And I don't know when I have been so thoroughly happy and utterly detached from the world. It is so beautiful here, the snow-covered mountains and the small quaint villages, that it all seems like an illustration in a fairy tale and any minute I expect a fairy godmother to appear and say, "Claudette, you may have three wishes." I have seen beautiful mountains in America—remember how excited I was over Proctor Mountain at Sun Valley?—but I'm afraid the scenery in the Alps is far more breath-taking. And the snow is so different—it's really "powder" snow. Yesterday morning I took a two-hour run and I have never seen anything like it in my life. The sun was very bright and I went over snow meadows where no one had been—the glitter was blinding. It sparkled much more than diamonds under electric lights. In fact, now that I try to describe it, it's impossible because it would sound like exaggeration. Oh dear, one "g" or two?—my spelling is completely shot.

The hotel is absolutely old-fashioned, as a matter of fact it is rather on the precious side. (Deletion: Miss Colbert's description of the plumbing, or rather lack of plumbing.) But the food is excellent, though a little heavy. The other night we had a "gala" evening—a dance in the bar. It was called "Schuhplattler." The peasants came dressed in their short leather pants, big shoes and attractive Tyrolean hats. The dance is like a jig except that they slap their hips with their hands and yell "yippee" just like the

Here's the star of our "Vacation Diary" feature, exploring the ruins of Pompeii with a friend. Be sure to read what Claudette says about her foreign travels.

Claudette Colbert's gay "Vacation Diary" is her own written record of her European travels, with sidelights you never suspected on the girl herself when she's having fun on her first vacation in seven years

cowboys at Palm Springs. All the women guests at the hotel wore dirndls, which is a peasant dress with a little silk apron. I had the local dressmaker make me several and I am so crazy about them that I expect to wear them all summer in Hollywood, gala evening or no gala. The bands played the same tunes that we used to hear in hofbrau houses on East 53rd Street in New York and soon everybody, the peasants and the guests, danced the "skiwaltz." This is a most amusing dance, and after a few bearish shrugs the man takes the woman by the waist and swings her as high in the air as he can—it must be the Tyrolean version of the Big Apple. Jack and I haven't tried it yet because my ankles are so swollen. Ski shoes always do that to me for at least four days.

I was most indignant when the ski instructor here consigned me to the kindergarten. He took one look at my form, which I thought pretty good, and said: "Madame, the beginners' class." Me, the pride of Sun Valley! Me, the winner of the Men's Slalom Race at Bishop! The worm! (Deletion: Miss Colbert calls her ski instructor names.) Jack laughed heartily, but not for long, for he was relegated to the beginners' class too. Skiing is taken very seriously here. No monkey business. Everything is for skiing —early to bed, no cocktails, no cigarettes, proper diet. To move up a class is the

Salute a movie star so spontaneous and unspoiled that she enjoys every minute of her vacation—and then is good enough sport to write us all about it! At top left, an admiring fan catches a gay glimpse of Claudette as she surveys Pompeii from a balcony. At left, with a friend at St. Moritz, where Claudette caught up with the movie "location" scenes of her picture, "I Met Him in Paris"—remember?

most important thing in life that could happen to you. It calls for a mild celebration. People have been very kind to me after my previews, and I must admit I have had my share of flattery, but nothing has ever thrilled me so much as the morning my instructor condescended to grunt a "sehr gut" as I completed a christiana.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived at San Anton soon after we did and after much fenagling managed to get (*Please turn to page 84*)

The QUEEN Comes Back!

"Marie Antoinette" is Hollywood's most lavish current spectacle. Right, Tyrone Power as Fersen. Top, Norma as the Queen surrounded by courtiers: Joseph Schildkraut, Van Dekker, Reginald Gardiner. Above, director Van Dyke discusses a big scene with John Barrymore.

IT WAS July of the year before last. Norma Shearer sat on the terrace of her home overlooking the sea, and talked about Marie Antoinette. She had recently completed the crowning achievement of her screen career—*Juliet,* the rôle in which her husband had long dreamed of seeing her. They had attended the first sneak preview of the picture together and gone home together, happy in the reception accorded it. But neither was resting on his laurels. Thalberg was deep in production plans for "Marie Antoinette." Shearer was looking forward to her next rôle as the ill-fated queen of France. "It's such a comfort," she laughed, "to have someone always there to tell you what to do."

A year and a half later, on the set of a gambling hall in Paris, the "Marie Antoinette" company is ready for its first day of shooting. Miss Shearer is to play the rôle to which she looked forward. The man who had always been there to tell her what to do is here only in spirit. It is safe to say that he shares with her the thoughts of those who await her appearance. This is to be her first experience before the cameras since his death. The air is charged with expectancy, tinged by uneasiness. As one member of the crew put it: "We didn't know, would she come in and break down, or what would she do."

She comes in from her dressing-room, a slight figure, wrapped in a white flannel robe of her own and wear-

What happens when a great lady of the screen returns to work—with Tyrone Power as her leading man, and a great cast including a Barrymore? Here's the whole dramatic story, intimately reported

By
Ida Zeitlin

Norma Shearer makes a beautiful Marie Antoinette, left. Top, with Tyrone Power in a dramatic scene, showing the Queen as she grows older. Above, Tyrone, not in costume, stops to chat with Anita Louise, playing Princess de Lamballe, and Schildkraut, as Orleans.

ing Marie Antoinette's tall white wig, adorned with jewelled stars. She is smiling—not as if she were determined to smile, but as if she were glad to be here among her old friends and associates, in the place where by right of her own labors she belongs. There is no concerted rush in her direction. People hold back still a little uncertain, waiting to take their cue from her. She recognizes a prop man and greets him. She catches sight of a wardrobe woman who has worked on many of her pictures, and stops for a word with her. Members of crew and company look at each other, sigh in relief as the tension breaks and go about their business as she is going about hers. Some drift toward her. They don't say much. "We're glad to have you back, Miss Shearer." In their inarticulateness lies their sincerity.

She herself finds it natural to be back. "You see," she says, "it's been a kind of gradual breaking in. I've studied the script. I've come to the studio for fittings, and a few dance rehearsals with Albertina Rasch. This is just the next step. It's a good idea," she smiles, "to take one step at a time."

She goes off to dress, and presently the first scene is called. To watch him at the helm, you would never guess that Woody Van Dyke is directing on just two days' notice, having been rushed to fill the place of Sidney Franklin, taken suddenly ill. With equal composure Van Dyke faces tigers in Africa, or the hazards of be-

ing catapu'ted into the midst of a Hollywood epic.

Because Tyrone Power has been borrowed from Twentieth Century-Fox and must be returned as soon as possible, they are shooting his scenes first. He plays *Axel Fersen,* the Swedish nobleman whose love for *Marie* becomes the ennobling influence in her life. When dressing, he wears a disreputable old gown.

"How come?" someone asks him.

"It was my father's." He hesitates, then blurts: "Some day I hope to be able to fill it."

Fred Datig, casting director, pops his head in at the door. "If you ever need a job, Tyrone, give me a ring."

Tyrone grins. They are both thinking of the time seven years back when the elder Power was making "The Miracle Man" at Paramount. Each day a gangling seventeen-year-old would stroll in with him, stop at the casting office and ask for a job. "Nothing today," Datig, then at Paramount would tell him. "Come back tomorrow."

"It was kind of a low trick," says Datig. "I knew the chances were we'd have nothing for him—he was such a kid. But I liked to see that face come poking round the door—always goodhumored and undiscourageable."

It was in "The Miracle Man" that Tyrone's father collapsed on the set. A few days later he died in his son's arms. Now the undiscourageable kid is working opposite Metro's first lady.

She looks like an exquisite little figurine in a gown of star-

The love scenes in Norma Shearer's "come-back" picture are said to be among the most poignant ever filmed. Left, the star with Tyrone Power. Below, Norma and Anita Louise, in their gorgeous costumes, tease director Van Dyke. At bottom of page, a close-up of the young Queen as she is portrayed before tragedy overtakes her.

spangled silver tissue designed by Adrian, as were all the women's costumes in the picture. This is her first performance with Van Dyke. Among those who have never worked with him, he has the reputation of being tough. Actually, he is a man of quick humor and large understanding. His co-called toughness consists in a driving energy which gets things done at a maximum of speed and excellence.

His methods are direct. "I hear you're nervous about working with me," he said to Miss Shearer at their first meeting after his assignment to the picture.

"A little. They call you One-take Van Dyke. Suppose I don't get it right the first time."

"You'll be (*Please turn to page 94*)

Ever suffer from an inferiority complex? Then you'll want to read how Jack Haley conquered his

A human interest story more touching than any ever dreamed up by a scenario writer is Jack Haley's. His wife, shown with him above, helped him fight his battles. Now he's a big hit in pictures: see him in scenes with Phyllis Brooks, left center; with Shirley Temple, upper left; with Alice Faye, top center; and with Tyrone Power and Chick Chandler in his new film, "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Triumph of a Timid Soul

By Reginald Taviner

BUT for himself Jack Haley would have achieved his current success years and years ago. But for his wife he would never have achieved it at all! Now this isn't one of those yarns wherein a generous husband tosses a gallant bouquet to "the little woman." Nor is it a shoulder-to-shoulder epic in which a young couple bravely fought their way up side by side. Instead it is the literal truth how Florence Haley has always had to be battle police behind Jack to prevent him from running away from himself.

When Jack was a little shaver his mother used to coax him to sing nursery songs for company. Jack would get under the table, pull down the cloth so that he could not see or be seen—and then sing.

All his life he has been like that. In Hollywood now, where everything is big, he has the biggest inferiority complex. Among the ballooned heads around him he visualizes his own as a peanut. He still wants to crawl into his shell.

In vaudeville and on the stage that complex robbed Jack of at least half his life. Nobody realizes it more poignantly than he, but he was powerless to do anything about it. He knows that he could never have overcome it alone, that nothwithstanding his ability he was one of those pathetic flowers born to bloom unseen. No truer screen characterization has ever been written than Jack's rôle in "Wake Up And Live," in which he played, actually, himself. That microphone which made such bogey-man faces has always been inside him. The girl who snapped him out of it in real life, as Alice Faye did in the film, is Mrs. Haley.

Jack not only admits that he owes her his success, he proclaims it. But for her, he asserts, he probably would still be looking for split-weeks in vaudeville. She alone could make him stand up to the gargantuan shadow which he himself cast upon the wall.

"I don't know how I ever got up the nerve to ask her to marry me," he said, (*Please turn to page 91*)

How Stars Face the Facts of FLOPS!

We're on forbidden ground here, so rush to read the real truth about Hollywood's vexing "hush-hush" subject

By Liza

WHEN you say a picture is a "flop" in Hollywood, them's fighting words, pardner. There's always a star, or a director, or a producer, or a studio bootblack who can pull out a list of figures and prove to you that although America responded to such and such a feature with the glowing warmth of an iceberg, that in Afghanistan the Afghans simply rolled in the aisles. And although Americans may have stayed away in droves from a certain epic production—which the exhibitors, a lusty folk, tossed off with a casual "it smells"—in Latvia it wowed 'em. I've come to believe after several years in Hollywood that the Afghans and the Letts are a most peculiar people, with no more inhibitions than a chipmunk—but maybe it's just because their bank nights are better than ours.

Now I've been staying up late nights, my rhumba is almost as good as a producer's, and I'm worn and weary with a nut brown taste in my mouth, and I'm in no mood for arguments or back talk. I don't want any phone calls from irate directors. I don't want to see any figures from Afghanistan or Latvia. I just want a couple of aspirins and a little shut-eye. So for the purpose of this article, if I may so dignify it, I shall give the movie star's definition of a flop, and in that way I can't possibly tread on anyone's toes and bring on a flock of silly arguments. (If you think I'm doing a neat bit of fence straddling you're darned tootin').

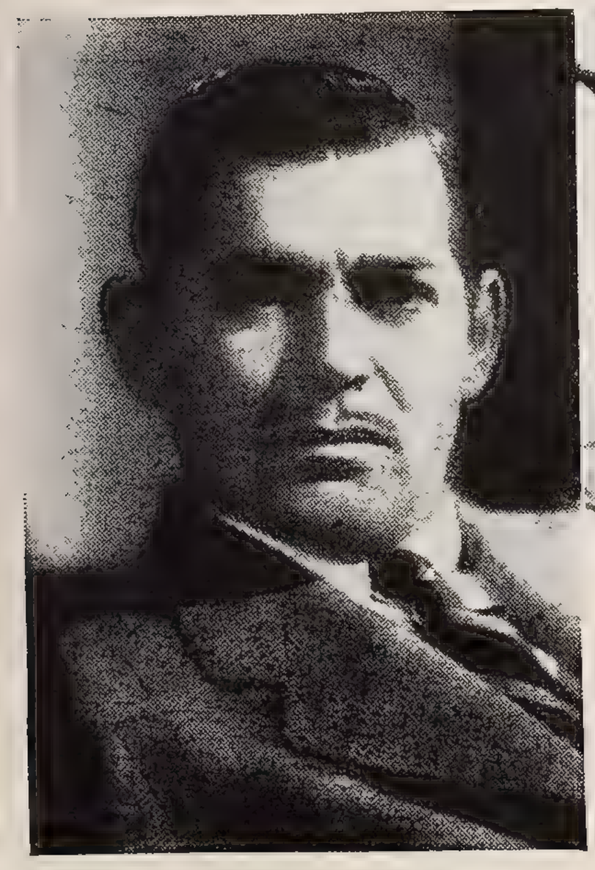
It was Carole Lombard who first tipped me off to the movie star's definition of a flop. Carole didn't go to the recent preview of "Fools for Scandal" in which she co-starred with Fernand Gravet. The picture has just been released at this writing and there are no figures yet from Kansas and the Bronx, much less from Afghanistan and Latvia, but Carole has a pretty good hunch that the picture is a "flop." It seems that the day following the preview in Hollywood her friends called her up, as is the custom after a preview. "Darling, you looked simply divine last night! I have never seen you photographed

Irene Dunne, on opposite page, gives us a new glamor-portrait. Below matchless Myrna Loy; right, Fred Astaire and his engaging grin.

so beautifully!" gurgled the friends. "But how was the picture?" asked Carole. "Darling," they screamed, "you never looked lovelier!"

When a star's best friends tell her that she "never looked lovelier" in a picture then she can be rather certain that she has a "flop" on her hands. It's as good a definition of a "flop" as I know.

If I may be allowed to do a mite of paraphrasing of my favorite childhood poet, and I don't see who's going to stop me, I may say that the Hollywood "flop" situation goes something like this: Into every star's life some flops must fall, some audiences must be cold and dark and dreary. Every star riding high, wide, and handsome on the crest of the wave sooner or later hits a snag, or a trough of despond to be more poetical, and it has always been of great interest to me, the owner of a microscope and a notebook, to observe how the Glamor Girls and Boys respond to this sudden let-down, this abrupt deflated glory. There is a rumor going around that movie stars are quite conceited—it's true—but how can they help having an enlarged ego with all that money and adulation being tossed at them? Sooner or later they are bound to get a Caesar's Wife Complex. So just imagine how it must hurt their pride to discover that they are human after all, and can make mistakes too. There's nothing like a bad picture to strip their pride into shreds.



Here are stars whose potent personalities provide pungent comment: Clark Gable, Jean Arthur, Warner Baxter, and James Cagney. All of these players have proved their talents time and again, with you, the public, their judge.

Now a bad picture, a "flop," doesn't necessarily mean that their career is ended or that they are slipping—but just the same it is a terrific jolt to the conceit. Of course a whole bevy of "flops" in quick succession usually means a box office knell. But that's another story.

How do the movie great react when they suddenly discover that they have drawn a lemon instead of the customary jack-pot? Do they sulk and fret, do they bite their nails and tear their hair, or do they toss it off with a quip and a martini? Does it bring out the child in them, or the beast in them, or the gypsy in them? Well, here goes Dr. Snooper of the scientific research prodding and poking again.

"Flops" brought out the gypsy in Bette Davis, Jean Arthur, and Warner Baxter. (In the case of the girls it not only brought out the gypsy but a terrific "mad on" with the studios.) In 1936 Bette Davis, with the praise of the critics over her *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" still ringing in her ears, won the 1935 Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her work in Warner Brothers' "Dangerous." Bette, who had felt rather put upon on numerous occasions by her *alma mater* studio, had every reason to believe that now that "Oscar" had become a member of her household she would receive better rôles in better pictures. She immediately asked to play *Queen Elizabeth* in "Mary of Scotland"—but didn't get it. Along came the preview, at that inopportune moment, of "The Golden Arrow," and Bette's friends commented pleasantly on the photography. Calling a spade a spade and a Warner Brother a Warner Brother Bette left in a huff for England and announced that she had no intention of making any more pictures for the so-and-so studio in Burbank. But after a legal battle in the London law courts in which Warner Brothers' lawyer called Bette "a very naughty young lady" Bette admitted that she was defeated and came back to Hollywood to finish out her contract, or as she put it "serve five years in jail." Since her return early in January, 1937, her pictures have been much better. There have been no "flops." Her current picture "Jezebel" is a great success.

Ironically enough, although "flops" drove Bette away from Warner Brothers in 1936, they drove Jimmy Cagney, another rebel, *back* to Warner Brothers in the early part of 1938. Jimmy, formerly one of the biggest and brightest stars of the industry, took a terrific beating when after much fenagling he broke his Warner contract and starred in two pictures for Grand National, an independent company, called "Great Guy" and "Something to Sing About." The pictures weren't so sizzling-hot, Jimmy was rapidly becom- (*Please turn to page 88*)

Return of the Naughty Native

Beauty born in Brooklyn wins screen fame as new Norwegian starlet! Sigrid Gurie, heroine of Hollywood's most amazing hoax, 'fesses up

By Tom Kennedy

TO A streamline age of going places fast, Hollywood, ever faithful to the golden box-office rule that "it pays to personalize," contributes the formula for applying speed to personal success. Let science and industry build faster machines, Hollywood will bring to the world the streamline principle under which human beings go faster to the goal of fame and fortune. Why, that once shining maxim piously preached to youth that the way to success is to start at the bottom and work your way to the top, is now just a quaint gag of the horse and buggy era. Now you start at the top—or else, you're dated if you're in the screen acting business.

It's old-fashioned to prepare for the screen by long apprenticeships in high-school plays, college dramatics, stock, radio or the concert stage. There's nothing old-fashioned about Sigrid Gurie, you've noticed—and so have I, during a most eye-pleasing close-up of the Norwegian beauty from Brooklyn at an interview in which she "told all." Sigrid, you know very well by now, started at the top. And if you don't think a girl who has never acted even in amateur theatricals is starting at the top when she plays leading lady to Gary Cooper, just run over the list of Gary's leading ladies for a long time back. You're thinking now of Claudette Colbert, Frances Dee, Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur, Carole Lombard—all stars.

Whether Hollywood's purveyors of news about the picture people fell or were pushed to wrong conclusions about Sigrid Gurie's past, will remain a moot question. According to the Gurie girl she simply said she had acted on the stage at the Norwegian National Theatre in Oslo, when she was applying to Sam Goldwyn for a job.

"I don't know now," she told me, "whether Mr. Goldwyn believed that. I have an idea, though, that he wasn't much impressed or that he found out the truth about it. For it would have been an easy matter to check (*Please turn to page 89*)

"All's fair in love, war, and getting into the movies!" If it was a clever trick which gained Sigrid Gurie her place in the Hollywood sun, talent and beauty are holding her there, for the beautiful Princess of "Marco Polo" brings great charm and brilliant acting talent to the screen.

Swing Serenade

Back at the old band-stand is Fred MacMurray, leading the rhythm and romance of his new screen musical show

William Walling

Everything's bright and swingy as Fred strikes up the band again in "Cocoanut Grove." As you've guessed, here is a tune-show revolving about the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, long noted as a gathering place of Hollywood stars. Fred, once and always a band-man, leads the orchestra in his rôle of night-club entertainer, romances with a new heroine, Harriet Hilliard, sings love songs for the customers.

It's Still Honeymoon House!

First pictures of the home Gene Raymond presented to Jeanette MacDonald! They're the most romantic "Mister and Missus" in Hollywood

Most informal room in the Raymond-MacDonald home is the playroom-den, where guests gather for gay evenings. Above, Gene and Jeanette before the cheery open fireplace. Below, another view —note the hand-hewn wood walls, cinnamon-bear rugs on the flagstone floor. The couches are covered in henna basket-weave material, with drapes of the same roughly woven fabric. At left, the powder-room, done in dusty-rose beige and jade-green. At left below, Jeanette in her living-room, decorated in warm copper colors.

Home photographs of Jeanette MacDonald by Clarence Bull, M.G.M.

"The Girl of the Golden West" spends many hours in her comfortable library, above. A deep carpet covers the entire floor, and the walls are oyster-white. The handsome fireplace is flanked by well-filled book shelves. Below, the dining-room, in royal blue and silver white. The matched walnut pieces are museum copies. Note particularly the cabinet, which is an antique.

Probably the only white ping pong table in all Hollywood, above, in the red-and-white playroom. Jeanette and Gene are expert at the game. Below, a glimpse of Jeanette's bedroom, with color theme of dusty pink and touches of blue. The carpet, more than two inches thick, is hand-loomed. On the mirrored mantel over the fireplace is a crystal Madonna, wedding gift of Norma Shearer. At left below, a luxurious corner of the living-room—see the antique table well-stocked with cigarettes, ash-trays, bon-bons. And that's your hostess smiling at you from a silver frame—Gene's favorite photograph.

William Walling

Again in "Tropic Holiday" Dorothy Lamour and Raymond Milland make movie love. A gay senorita in old Mexico, Dottie shares colorful close-ups with handsome Milland in their new picture, and contributes some memorable solo moments in her own sultry style

Love Can Be Turbulent

Tropical temptation for Ray Milland: Mlle. Lamour

Love Can Be Tender

Pastoral romance for Bob Taylor: Margaret Sullavan

Willinger

Refreshing, if not precisely spirited is Robert Taylor's cinema courtship of Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades," which marks Miss Sullavan's screen return and includes in its cast Franchot Tone and Robert Young, seen at left above with co-stars Bob-and-Maggie.

Look Out, Dietrich!

Stemming the tide of Marlene's supremacy, as it were, these Hollywood beauties offer the prettiest proof that the age of rivalry is very much alive

Marlene Dietrich, below, is finding the competition for the title of "prettiest legs" rather keen. Even Kay Francis, lower right, enters the lists in a (descriptive?) pose for "Secrets of an Actress." Center, below, Susan Hayward, a new Warner discovery. Right, the very shapely swing girl is Florence Rice. Far right, Jacqueline Laurent comes from Paris to the M-G-M lot and brings her Dietrichs with her.

Footprints on the sands of playtime for Eadie Adams, Priscilla Lawson and Mary Howard, left, aren't what figure here—not by six legs, they're not. Eadie is wearing the Fore 'n' aft swim suit with halter and adjustable straps; Priscilla's is the Crow's Nest suit; and Mary is cool in the Diamond Blister Stitch outfit—all three created by BVD. Below, Marla Shelton, Walter Wanger starlet, is in training to improve an already lovely form. We repeat: Watch out, Marlene.

Dancing legs are nimble as well as quick to make you look and wonder how Marlene can hold a monopoly on the title to extremities par-excellence when young Ann Miller, right, is around. Lower center, Florence George was an opera singer before Hollywood found and discovered that she had charms for the eye—especially in a bathing suit—as well as for the ear. Below, have a look at Paramount's Helaine Moler, hiding her face under a sombrero, but in very good form for the race for Dietrich's laurels.

Bright stripes for Ty Power as he races with "Pickle," mongrel which he rescued from the city pound. Now Pickle is the canine celebrity in Tyrone's neighborhood—he belongs to a star! Above, Diana Gibson graces the simple sweater and makes a lovely picture. Deanna Durbin, left, in her favorite off-screen costume: sweater and skirt.

Sweaters Are Always In Season!

And right here you will find some good reasons! Hollywood stars glorify the good old sweater from sports to swank

Here you'll find Gladys Swarthout, far left, whose sweater costume is enlivened by a necklace of real piano keys—new and amusing. Bill Powell, left, lounging and liking it. Joan Fontaine, below, brightens her sweater with pearls. Randy Scott, at bottom of page, wears the most dashing sweater of 'em all. But it remains for Sylvia Sidney, left below, to turn the humble sweater into an evening costume: her Hattie Carnegie dress of green crepe with princess silhouette is topped by a short-sleeved sweater of violet wool. Sylvia's jewelry includes her famous bracelet of antique charms and a woven wristlet of the new red-gold mesh with buckle of moonstones. Height of chic!

It's the grin that gets 'em! Just when Errol Flynn is swashbuckling through a super-arrogant rôle, suddenly he gives that grin, left, and you forgive him everything. Below, a brand new grin, with dimple, from Richard Greene, new British boy brought over to play opposite Loretta Young.

Go on, grin! Look at these assorted wide smil and you will: left, Harold Lloyd, triumphi over dull and dusty tomes; far left, ingratiati Jane Bryan. Left below, Johnny Davis; belo Frances Gifford. At bottom of page, the chara teristic grins of Joe Penner, lovely Mad Evans, and fightin' Jimmy Cagney.

Whee! Grin-encouragers below are Robert Wilcox and Nan Grey, holding up for our admiration the grins of Gable, left, and Gary Cooper. That soft, slow, sweet smile of Madeleine Carroll, left below, has gamin twinkle to it.

Wake Up and Grin!

Give in! Greet this grim old world with good humor and gay gallantry and maybe—just maybe—you may find yourself feeling like a million dollar movie star

See what happened when Dick Powell, below, began to play "The Cowboy from Brooklyn." A quiet pinto pony and Dick got along fine, then Mr. Powell went for an all-white, spirited equine, with results that ended with Dick out of the saddle, but on his feet—and then the pinto gave Cowboy Dick the old horse-laugh, (left to right, below).

Claude Rains in the snow—what goes on here? that doesn't sound right—we mean, a winter frolic, at left, with Mr. Rains very schoolmasterish in his rôle in "White Banners," enjoying brisk air and borax snowflakes, when Jackie Cooper comes along to heave a snowball or two. Jackie slipped, so did his aim—and now Teacher Rains will repeat that old one about "this hurts me more than it does you,"—with Jackie on the receiving end.

Camera Chapter-Plays

A chicken in every plot may not be Martha Raye's idea, but it looks as if they have something for laughs there. Below, from left to right you follow Martha in her feathers, from dressing room to inspection by the director, to receiving the final touch—a hat that looks like the head of a chicken, and produces comic reactions when Martha meets Bob Burns for a big scene, at right.

Right: George Raft goes through the ordeal that's so funny to everybody but the prospective fathers themselves. But follow the story told in pictures and you'll see George get good news from the nurse, and then greet Sylvia Sidney, his screen wife in their co-starring film.

"Still" serials from the studios, with lively plot, action and happy ending guaranteed

Robert Taylor, from left to right across the pages, below, hands you a chuckle, though he isn't amused, as he tries to make an under-sized waistcoat serve his formal mood for a heavy date. Directly below, Franchot Tone to the rescue. Zip—it fits!

Just because they glitter doesn't mean they are Gold Diggers, Hugh and Rudy argue, as they go into huddles with the honeys: Hugh very formal, left; Rudy jaunty, right. Below, latest title-rôle-ers in new annual edition of Warners' "Gold Diggers," this time, "In Paris." At lower left, valiant Vallee himself—and not quite himself, either, in a pair of scenes in which Rosemary Lane rudely assures him he's all wet.

Gone with the Gold Diggers!

How are you going to keep Hugh Herbert down on his farm, where he *was*, at left, when there are girls like those above to play with in a picture? Just above, Hughie takes a turn directing the incredible Schnickelfritz band, currently crazy swing group, with Allen Jenkins substituting for the bass fiddle player—you know, making music when they're merry.

Cinematically speaking, Hugh Herbert and Rudy Vallee don't live here any more—they're capering on the "Continent" keeping up with the cuties!

On a cold and frosty morning in Bishop, California, director George Cukor shot the opening scenes of "Holiday." From the snow country comes our "Best Still," at right. Cary Grant co-stars with Katharine Hepburn in the picture, but Doris Nolan is his cinema partner in the snow scenes. Below, fair and warmer. At bottom of page, Hepburn and Grant share a scene. In the original stage play, "Holiday," Hepburn understudied the star, Hope Williams, but never played the part. Now, ten years later, she stars in the film.

Alex. Kahle, Columbia Pictures

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in "Holiday"

The saga of O'Sullivan is intimately recorded in our story. Now see the pictorial record: Maureen, top, in her parents' home in Ireland, which she left to come to Hollywood to appear in "Song of My Heart," with John McCormack, noted tenor —at left, scene from her screen début, with Tommy Clifford. Above, her latest film, with Wallace Beery.

Maiden, Movie Actress, Matron

The bitter-sweet story of Maureen O'Sullivan, the girl who dared to grow up in Hollywood

By William H. McKegg

TO GROW up in life is natural. To grow up in Hollywood is unheard of. Maureen O'Sullivan is our exception. As a maiden, she mystified you. Later, as a movie actress, she caused you to wonder. As a young matron, she impresses you today with a definite personality, for she has combined therein the three phases of her growth in a very attractive manner.

Not so long ago, Maureen would frankly declare she was uncertain of everything. Seeing her on the "Men Of The Waterfront" set, holding her own with John Beal, Wallace Beery, and Frank Morgan, I thought: "The O'Sullivan is very sure of herself."

Recently returned from England, where she appeared with Robert Taylor in "A Yank At Oxford," Maureen made no secret of the fact that she was glad to be 'home.' Things over there were slow and uninteresting. The cinema makers of Britannia's Isle seemed so overawed by the presence of popular Mr. Taylor that they were inclined to overlook others. However, Maureen's husband, John Farrow, was with her, and saw to it that she had a dressing-room and other necessary things for picture making. If the London studios fell short, she gained compensation out of the early 16th century home she and Johnny inhabited, at Denham.

It was the first time Maureen had crossed the Atlantic as a bride. Hitherto, her numerous trips to and from Europe had been made by herself. It was, she added, much nicer to have someone with you. That is, someone you like. You enjoy more everything going on about you.

Each time Maureen has returned to Europe, she has gone back greatly changed from the previous occasion. She has been steadily growing up in Hollywood, which, for all its sins, has failed to touch her. Yet her growing up has occurred in the movie mecca, as well as her profession, so it's not surprising that each trip abroad has been fraught with a diversity of conflicting emotions.

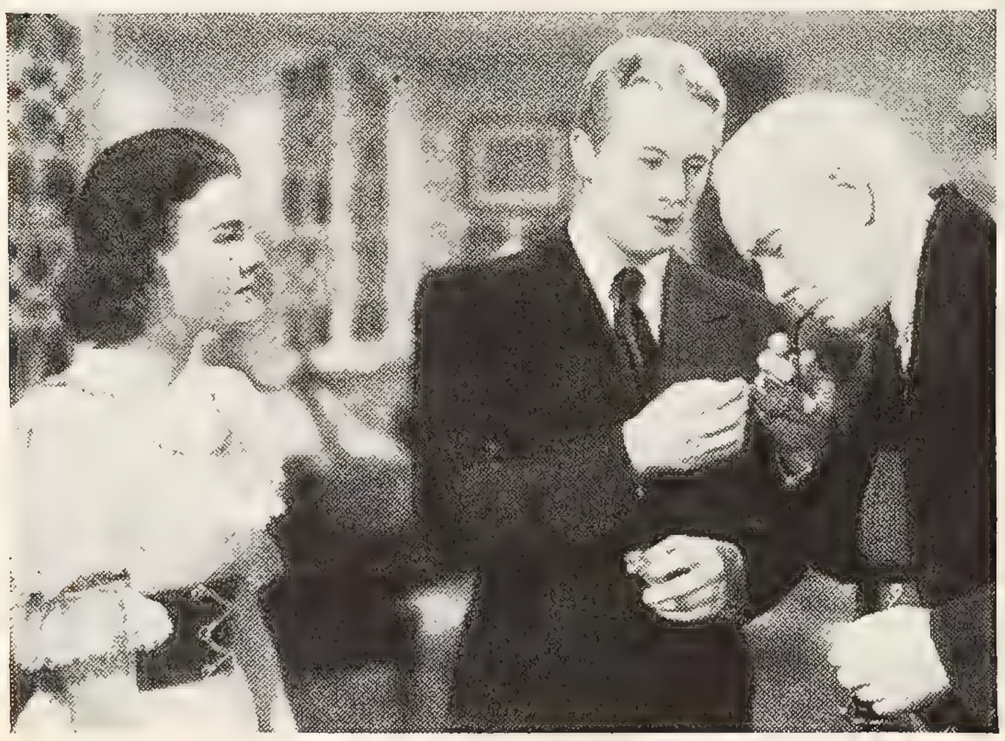
Fair maidens drift into town usually from a Broadway chorus, a cabaret, a floor show, a fashion parade, or burlesque. Though some might be maidens in the letter, they are not so in the spirit, for each place hardens its votaries, making them old before they are young. Thus an interviewer fails to meet them in the first flower of maidenhood.

Maureen came direct from school, from the social circles of Dublin, London and Paris. A maiden of seventeen, she represented just (*Please turn to page 96*)

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—M-G-M

Reviews of the best Pictures by Delight Evans

I MIGHT just as well hurl myself into the fray and say that this picture definitely sets forth why Nelson Eddy fans get so mad. "The Girl of the Golden West" consumes quite a lot of footage in which the character played by Nelson Eddy, boy and man, occupies the screen—before "The Girl," Jeanette MacDonald, is so much as glimpsed by the audience. But—and I duck as I declare it— when Miss MacDonald comes on, the picture becomes hers, by right of bright and sparkling personality, superior acting technique, and all-round vital charm. It isn't Jeanette's fault; it just is so. Mr. Eddy continues to be agreeable and pleasant, to sing with skill and resonance. but Miss MacDonald does something to the picture that keeps it going and compels the audience to sit up and take an interest. Her performance of the rather quaint character called *Gal* by the cast is charming even when incongruous—if you can imagine the dainty MacDonald dutifully striding around a frontier saloon in pants, being alluring to a grizzly group of assorted "Westerners" including the somewhat bored Walter Pidgeon as a sheriff and finally saving the life of the bold bandit played by Mr. Eddy—well, it isn't the best MacDonald-Eddy opera, stranger!



STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount

PRESENTING a new star I think some of you will take to your hearts, if your hearts aren't too hardened by movie Hepburns and holocausts: Mlle. Olympe Bradna. Her picture isn't much, but she is a whole lot of authentically girlish charm and a certain warm wistfulness—and she can sing and dance, too. Little Bradna definitely belongs, even though her stellar début is accomplished against rather painful odds in a creaky story with the worst dialogue it has been my bad fortune to hear from the screen since the first talkies. On the other hand, "Stolen Heaven" has its heavenly moments, mostly when the music of Liszt is set to cinema with some imagination and spirit. If you like Liszt and take to Bradna, you may find this film well worth your while. And I hope you do like Bradna. She has a poetic quality too rare among younger actresses, and it enables her to triumph over the story which casts her as a baby jewel thief lured on by Gene Raymond until they stumble upon Lewis Stone as an ageing pianist—thanks to Olympe restored to greatness by her faith in him. Mr. Stone makes a great deal of his sympathetic part, but poor Gene Raymond can't do much except look handsome, and he can't help that either.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

MY, how little *Becky* has changed! Shirley Temple brings up to date the beloved heroine of a childhood classic, with such modern improvements as tap dancing, radio crooning, and Randy Scott—all, I hasten to say, meeting with my hearty approval. You may fight against "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" but eventually you will go and she will get you and you will like it, see if you don't. Our Shirley is growing up very gracefully—her curls are gone for most scenes in her new picture, and she looks even prettier, I think. The Glamor Girls had better watch out and brush up their acting before Shirley, complete with charm and terrific technique, overtakes them. The chief attraction of this film is its air of sprightly humor and unforced gaiety. Everybody in it seems very happy most of the time, except occasionally when a wicked stepfather gets in the way; but with stalwart Scott around to see that Our Shirley gets a square deal so she can become America's Sweetheart of the Air Waves, and with Bill Robinson handy to dance with her, and *how* they dance, it is a consistently ingratiating show. Slim Summerville and Helen Westley are of priceless value and Gloria Stuart, Phyllis Brooks, and Jack Haley help a lot.

THE JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio

AND the joy of seeing a bright, smart, smooth comedy in which hero and heroine do NOT have at each other tooth and nail, with a few well-aimed kicks as a delicate little sadistic touch! Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., quarrel amiably almost all the way through "The Joy of Living" but their squabbling is all so good-natured that even when an innocent little slap-dance in a beer-garden threatens to turn into a "Nothing Sacred" free-for-all they begin to giggle and the merry mood is maintained, praise be. There is one little question I'd like to raise right here—if you don't like it you can always skip it—but just how does it affect *you* to see your beautiful heroine slightly tight? At first I thought Irene Dunne was awfully funny as she burbled over her beer but after a while I found myself wishing she would stick to champagne, like Colbert. Or am I squeamish? Anyway, it's the only blot on the bright "Joy of Living" and the roller-skating sequence almost atones. Miss Dunne is sheer gossamer charm as the hard-working actress whose $10,000 a week is gobbled by her greedy family until Doug, Jr., comes along to show her how to have fun. Doug, Jr., never looked handsomer and was never cleverer; in fact, he's grand.

LIFE DANCES ON—Julien Duvivier-A. F. E. Corp.

SALUTE to the French who made this fine picture—which happens to be released here with English titles at an opportune time when Hollywood is not turning out quite so many masterpieces as usual. "Life Dances On" can more than hold its own in any cinema company, however—I'd call it a really great motion picture; in fact, I *will*—and whether you pronounce it by its original French tag of "Un Carnet De Bal" and just plain "Life Dances On" or even "A Dance Program," you'll enjoy it. The idea is so simple it is strange no one ever thought of it before: a lovely widow comes upon the program of her first ball and it brings back recollections of the men—boys then—she danced with who made love to her, twenty years ago. She sets out to find them. The story of her search is a series of exciting episodes, each a complete drama or comedy in itself and each enthralling. Harrowing melodrama; cynical comedy; deep tragedy; romantic adventure; uproarious farce—all here, and exquisitely acted by one of the finest casts ever assembled for one picture. I must name these fine artistes, in the order in which they most impressed: Raimu, Pierre Blanchar, Louis Jouvet, Francoise Rosay, Marie Bell, Harry Baur.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

ALL those Gary Cooper fanatics who have been jumping down my throat because I have failed in the past to touch my forehead to the ground three times, can jump right out again. Mr. Cooper is everything his most ardent admirers think he is in every picture, in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Masterfully charming, admirably nonchalant, gracefully humorous, Gary gives a grand performance as the much-married multi-millionaire who obligingly buys the tops of Claudette Colbert's pajamas, in that shopping scene which opens the picture and which is director Lubitsch at his best. I'm sorry I ever said he has lost his touch, because this new comedy is crammed with Lubitsch touches, deft and debonair and distinctly gay. In fact, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" remains a colorful and thoroughly satisfying cream-puff until its very last scenes, when the touches turn into bludgeon blows in which Gary is required to be screamingly funny in a strait-jacket. Get out of *that,* Mr. Lubitsch! And now I realize my review is almost ended and I have not even mentioned Claudette Colbert—whose fans will now take the place of Mr. Cooper's and not only jump down my throat but put pins under my fingernails. So in a hurry I say Claudette is at her very best.

THE GAIETY GIRLS—Korda-United Artists

IF YOU like British comedy, or American Patricia Ellis, here is your delightful dish. It is all very good, clean fun, with one of England's premier dancing comedians, Jack Hulbert, being genuinely amusing all over the place, and with Miss Ellis making us wonder why Hollywood ever let her go. She shines in "The Gaiety Girls" for beauty and brisk ability, and is a decorative foil for Hulbert's chuckly kind of humor. If I say that the story is based upon one of those cases of mistaken identity which could be cleared up with a word spoken in the second reel, thus calling off the whole thing, I might frighten you off; so I'll add hastily that a misunderstanding superintended by Jack Hulbert is much funnier than such an old idea deserves to be. It may be his chin, or his grin; whatever it is, the man had me tittering most of the time, just to look at him; and when he danced I paid most respectful attention. His light and casual terpsichorean parody of a Russian ballet dancer in action is a fine bit of fooling. As usual in an Alexander Korda production, the settings are lavish and the camera work excellent. The musical numbers are practically painless, and the smallest part is enacted with expert skill. And Pat Ellis will surprise you.

Carole Lombard, screen's most modern top-flight star, gives startling, sophisticated advice! Carole's secret of popularity is her adaptability: consider her, below, as she adorns the beach; right, as she takes lessons in marksmanship from writer Claude Binyon. Far right, proving she can also be the Hollywood Glamor Girl in the great tradition.

By Rowena Devine

3 Smart Stars Tell How

YOU'D have a hard time finding three more charming girls in Hollywood than Alice Faye, Anne Shirley, and Carole Lombard, so it was to these three I went with my burning question: How to get that second date?

"You see, Alice," I said to the beauteous little Faye whom I talked to first, "almost any girl can wangle a date out of a man she likes a lot, but after the evening's over and her Big Moment doesn't make one suggestion about seeing her again, how's she going to manage a second date? We're presuming that she is still very much interested in him and wants him to show some interest, too."

"Gosh, that *is* a problem, isn't it?" sympathized Alice.

"Of course," I slyly challenged, "you wouldn't know anything about *that,* when before you married Tony you were so besieged with beaux—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the sing-baby of Twentieth Century-Fox. "What an exaggerated statement! I was no more popular than any other girl out here."

"All right, all right, you were the most *un*popular girl out here," I lied soothingly, "and you sat home every night with a good book and wondered what the Troc looks like inside."

Alice made a face at me. "No, but seriously, I did have that second-date problem a few times in my life so I've really given the subject some thought and I think I can give a few tips to other girls. For one thing, discover during the evening what one thing he most enjoys talking about—politics, his job, or his golf score. Just before he leaves you for the night, get him talking on his pet subject. Then leave him regretfully with something like this: 'I wish it weren't so late. I'd love to hear more about your—golf, or job. You must tell me more about it another time.' If you sound convincing he'll arrange the 'another time' very shortly. No man ever passed up a good audience!

"Have a sense of humor, and show it. Believe it or not, *that's the most important rule of all."* (The italics are Alice's). "If he raves over the gorgeous redhead he's been taking out, tell him you'll match him for her! Every man I know in Hollywood would rather date a girl who is good fun than one who is merely a pretty picture. Of course," continued Alice, "there's that awfully old gag—leaving your gloves or compact in his car as he takes you to your door. But old as it is, it still works, and he'll have to drop by and return them to you. And *then* the rest is up to you.

"Now here's a trick that I've known to work," said Alice, pushing back her curls. "Invite the man to a party you're giving. Plan one on the spur of the moment if you hadn't one in mind and leave out your rivals, for you would be too busy watching them to concentrate on him. Show him off in a subtle way—have him perform his pet parlor trick—let him be flattered by the attention you and your guests show him. He'll love it, and be back for more!

"Always tell a man how much you've enjoyed the evening and act appreciative. So many girls believe a man will think them overly-anxious to continue the friendship if they act the least bit enthused over a date. That's silly. If a man is nice enough to plan a charming evening for you, *tell* him how much you enjoyed it. That's just common courtesy and will get you much

Phases of Alice Faye! Right, in beach togs when she first came to Hollywood. Above, the bride of handsome Tony Martin. At left, the gracious hostess in her own new home. At right below, Anne Shirley, who is Mrs. John Payne in private life, and Hollywood's youngest smart matron.

Want outspoken advice on your romance problems? Come right to Hollywood headquarters and listen to Carole Lombard, Alice Faye, and Anne Shirley

They Got That 2nd Date

further toward a second date than a queenly attitude."

Little Anne Shirley admits that that second date has been a problem in her life—and more than once, too.

"Of course there have been times when I've had to maneuver to get that second date," she told me frankly. "But it taught me a lesson. From that time on I made sure I used every trick I knew on that very first date so that my second date worries would be over. You can't wait for that second impression; the first one must be good or there won't be a second!"

Anne twisted the huge, sparkling ring on her left hand and smiled. "Of course I feel quite out of the running since I've married Johnnie, but here are my tips to girls who are still unattached. First, don't be a gold-digger. If you make a boy spend all his money on you that first evening, he won't be able to take you out again very soon—and furthermore, he won't want to! Have some regard for the salary he is earning—don't make him spend his food money for the week on one evening's entertainment.

"Don't belittle his friends, even though you don't like them. It will arouse such antagonism. When you're with his friends be as agreeable as you can and when he's with your friends be sure he isn't left out of the conversation; make him an important part of the group. If you're at a party and he doesn't dance, don't accept dances from other men even though they are old friends. He'll feel self-conscious and ill at ease when left alone like that. Never criticize his work or ambitions—both are so terribly close to a man's heart, and it's your place to encourage instead of discourage him if you want to see him again.

(*Please turn to page 82*)

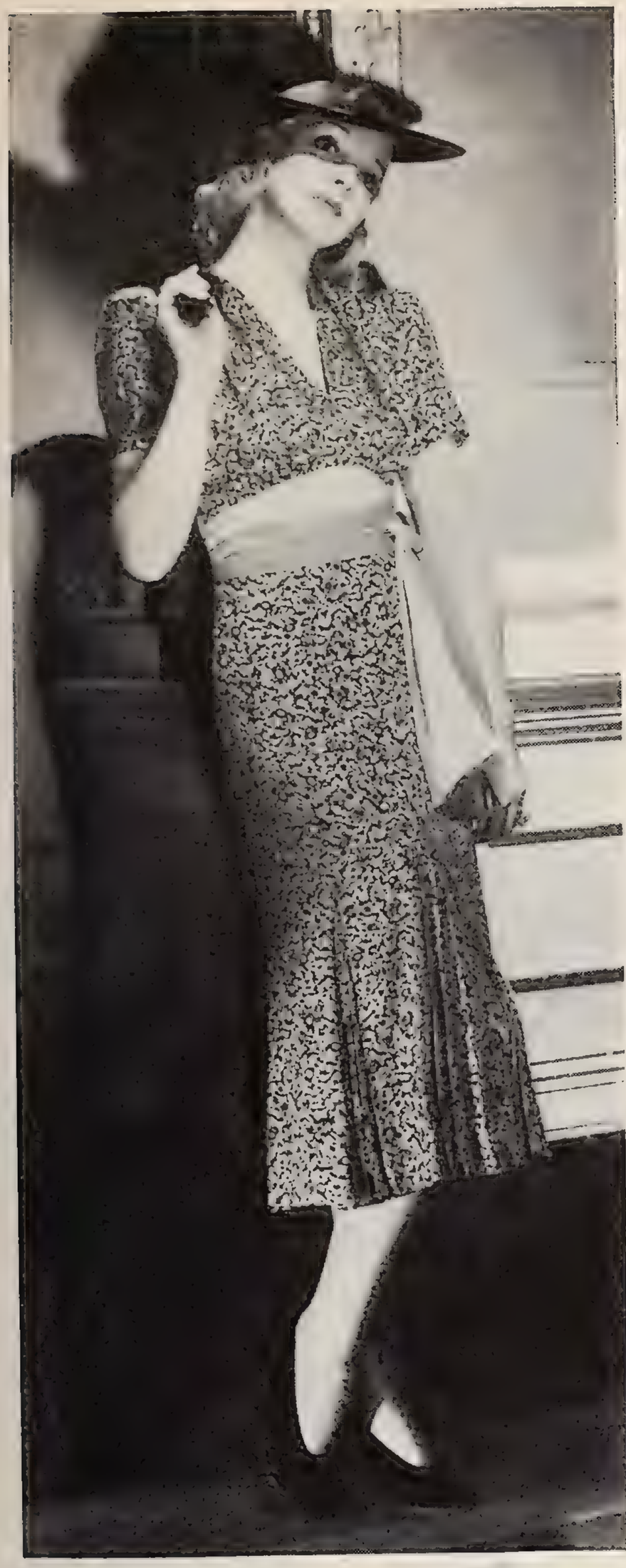
SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Virginia Bruce

What Hollywood's blonde beauty is wearing this season

The evening gown above is Miss Bruce's bright particular star of her Spring wardrobe. Of white satin, it is brilliantly splashed with red and blue carnations. Backless to the waist, its front decolletage is accented with a vari-colored cluster of chrysanthemum petals, the tones of which are repeated in the flowers in Virginia's golden hair. At right, purple, red, and white are combined in this peasant-influenced dress designed by Dolly Tree. The tight jacket and full-swinging skirt are interesting. Virginia's Puritan hat is of purple felt with red grosgrain tie. See a close-up of it on opposite page.



A "Must" is the print dress—and at far left you see Virginia's favorite, with all-over pattern in lipstick red, blue, green, and lavender, and chiffon sash of red and chartreuse. Left, a close-up of that Puritan bonnet—demure, but with a difference! Below, "Bon voyage" in beige wool and lynx, a two-tone suit with elbow-length jacket sleeves caught with link buttons. Her snap-brimmed hat is of black felt. At extreme left below, modern adaptation of an 18th century theme is Virginia's hat of stiff straw trimmed with dark brown grosgrain ribbon and veil.

Glamor School photographs of Miss Virginia Bruce by Willinger, M-G-M.

"Here's to My New Hat!"

Myrna Loy, at far left, must enjoy her halo hat of Kelly green suede headband and navy blue shiny straw. At left above, June Lang's black straw with slightly rolled brim and bouquets of old-fashioned flowers. The indispensable felt is championed, at left, by pretty Evalyn Knapp—it's a Schiaparelli in dusty pink felt.

Olympe Bradna, at left above, accents her tailored outfit with a black hat of felt and straw. At right, a gay greeting from pertly pretty Rita Hayworth, who tops her purple and white print frock with a tiny natural straw sailor with a veiling band and bow.

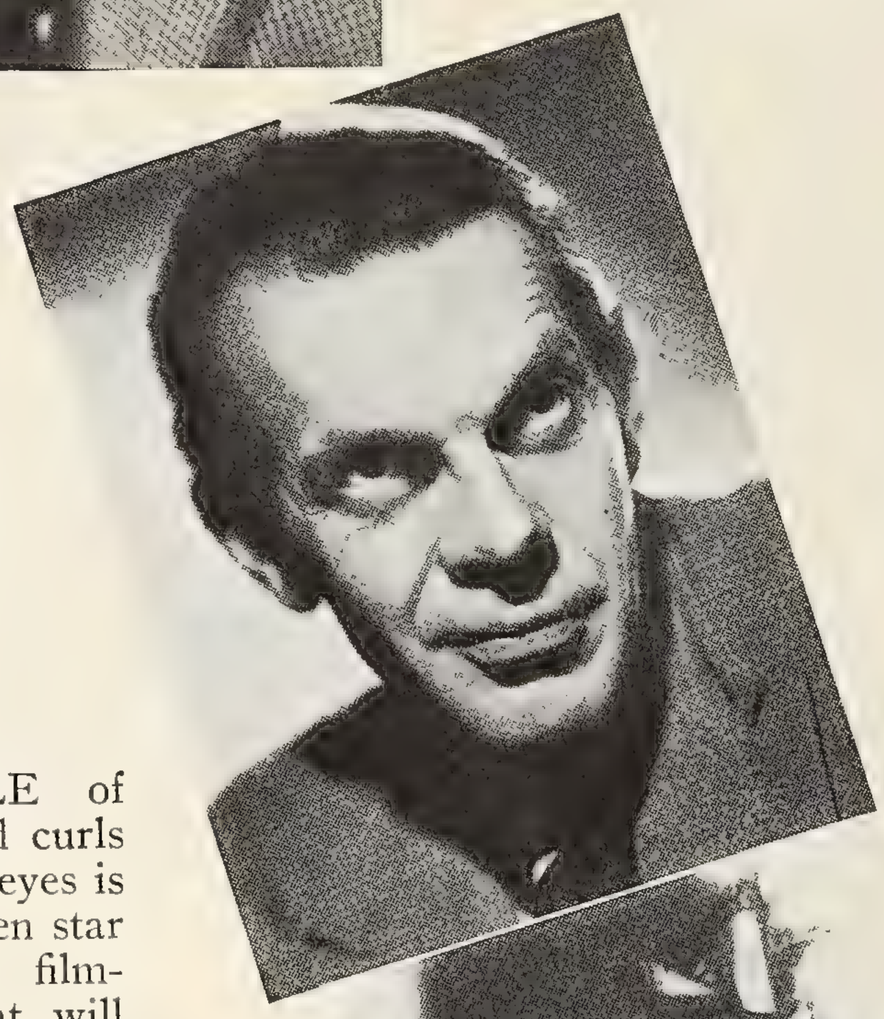
Hollywood beauties answer the call of Spring by splurging on hats and everything!

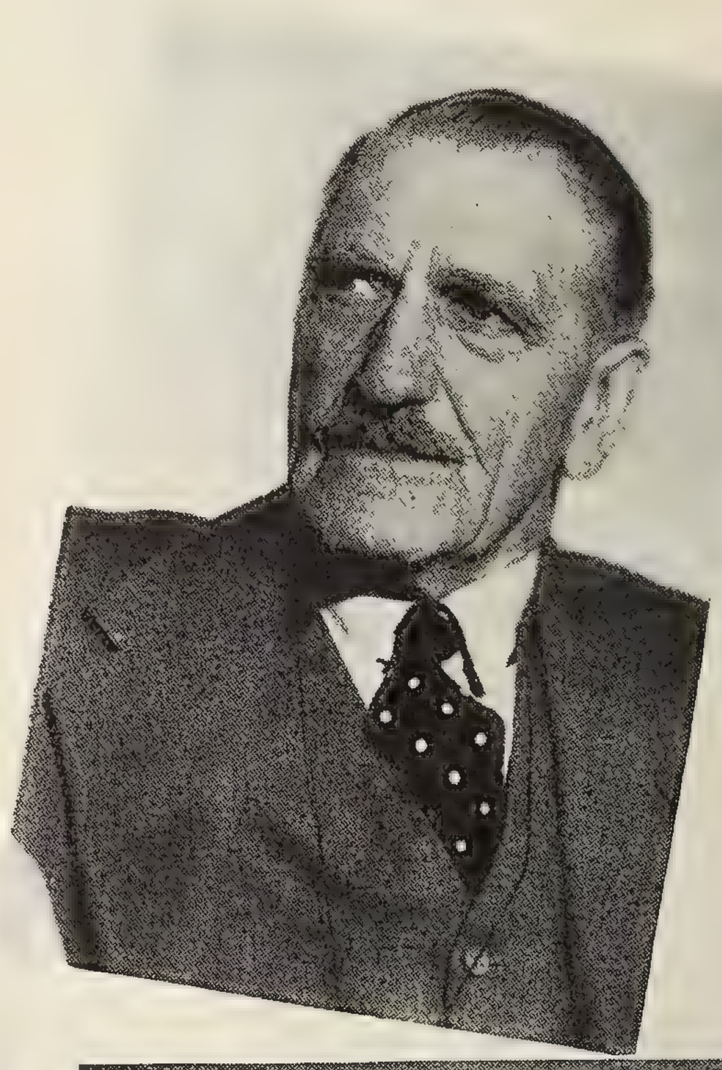
Dorothy Lamour, above, emphasizes her exotic beauty with a dashing hat of natural straw, with wine-colored scarf. At top left, Barbara Read matches her honey and blue straw beret with an enormous bag. At left, June Lang turns a cartwheel—of fine black straw, made even more becoming by a black mesh veil embroidered in white. At far left, Annabella rustles in, in crisp taffeta, bright blue, polka-dotted in black and white. Her wide-brimmed hat, her gloves and handbag and shoes are black.

London

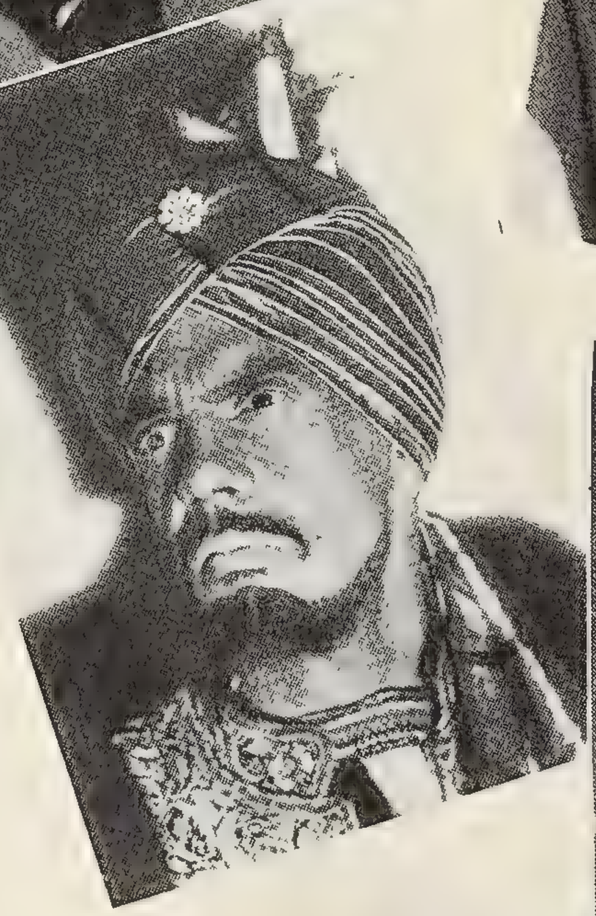
By Hettie Grimstead

Good news about Robert Donat! Recovered from his long illness, he is all set to work again. Right, Raymond Massey, fine actor, as himself; and then, right below, in character for a new rôle. Far right, C. Aubrey Smith, "home" to make a picture. Last, not least, is Valerie Hobson, seen in her new London home.





ANNA NEAGLE of the spun-gold curls and sea-blue eyes is Britain's busiest screen star these days with a film-making schedule that will take her well into 1939. Just now she is working on the technicolor sequel to "Victoria the Great" which is to be called "Sixty Years a Queen" and deals with the private life of *Victoria* and her Royal Consort. It starts with their wedding day and ends with the aged Queen's death-bed scene in Buckingham Palace. Pomp and pageantry, stately Court etiquette and stirring interludes from England's history including the Boer War in South Africa will help to paint this latest Herbert Wilcox spectacle.



Handsome Anton Walbrook will play *Prince Albert* again, of course—he's taken a little house on wooded Hampstead Heath and is putting in lots of walking, riding and golf in his leisure. The famous old *Duke of Wellington* is C. Aubrey Smith, who has come specially from Hollywood to take the part. There's an amusing story as to just how he did come. When he got Wilcox's cabled offer, he replied: "Shall I be able to see the cricket at Lords?" So Producer Wilcox cabled back "On no account will work be allowed to interfere with cricket" and received the veteran actor's sailing date by return of wire!

When Anna finishes playing *Queen Victoria* and puts off her prim brown wig for the last time it will probably be mid-summer, but she will immediately start another historical portrayal, that of *Lady Emma Hamilton* whose love-story with *Admiral Lord Nelson* has become a world literary classic. This film will be in color, too—it's the fashion in England now.

The scenario is taking unusual lines by tracing in parallel action the careers of the country blacksmith's

Add zest to your picture-going program by looking in on the bright and charming people who make movies across the Atlantic. You will enjoy your visit

daughter and the son of the village parson who both rose to be brilliant personalities of English history and whose passionate romance finally brought them both to ruin. Aubrey Smith is to have the part of *Lady Emma's* elderly husband, so that should keep him comfortably in his quiet London flat, hung everywhere with guns and sporting prints, until the cricket season finishes in September.

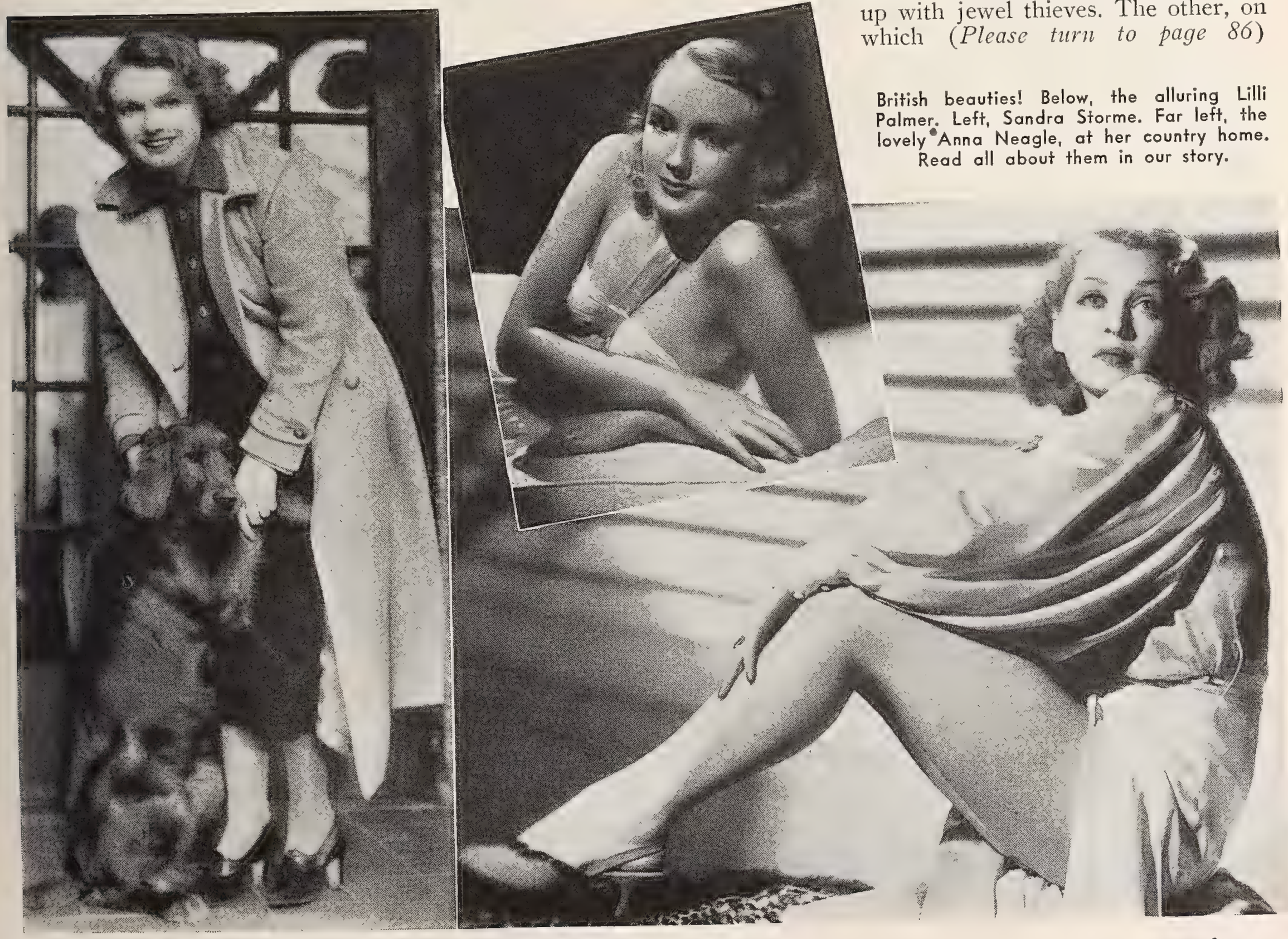
Talking of flats, Valerie Hobson gave a house-warming sherry party in her new one, on the roof of a mansion in exclusive Grosvenor Square. Here rooms are all decorated in cream with rich wine-red brocades and mellow walnut furniture and antiques she has collected on her travels. With two Mexican rugs bought in Hollywood when she was film-making there at seventeen for Universal—recall the horrific "Bride of Frankenstein" and "Chinatown Squad"? Now red-haired brown-eyed Valerie is under a long contract to Alexander Korda and has been playing for him in "The Drum" which is the first real British epic film, all about our little tribal wars on the North-West Indian frontier. As Alex says, it isn't as if Cecil B. DeMille has exclusive rights on this annual spectacle business.

Raymond Massey is in "The Drum" as well, with a marvellous color make-up as the villainous native ruler *Ghul*. Ray and his pretty blonde wife Adrienne recently gave a dinner for Tamara Geva, who is certainly the most decorative visitor we've greeted since Marlene Dietrich. This lovely young Russian of "Manhattan Madness" goes out swathed to the eyes in silver fox with filmy ostrich feathers in her hair or maybe a saucy garland of fresh violets. I saw her at a Mayfair club in a figure-tight trailing gown of golden lamé and an enormous ruby and diamond cross—well, even if she isn't a full-fledged star as yet, she has the grand stellar manner already!

Another glamor girl present on the same occasion was little Lilli Palmer, of the bee-stung mouth and china-blue eyes. She has just completed a new picture called "Crackerjack" at Pinewood Studios which are making a working background for several celebrated lovelies these days. Sandra Storme is there, equisitely slender and sweet as ever, and they do say she is always being squired around by John Paddy Carstairs, late writer for M-G-M in Hollywood and now one of our most up-and-coming young English directors.

While we're discussing directors, "master of mystery" Alfred Hitchcock is signed up for Hollywood this fall. I hope they know all about his fondness for practical jokes. He once sent a consignment of canary birds to Peter Lorre's flat in the owner's absence and when Peter came wearily home at midnight he found over a hundred of them flying around the place. Then there was the day he substituted pepper for Jessie Matthews' face powder and another occasion when he fixed a gadget under Sylvia Sidney's chair that made it fold up every time she tried to sit down.

Before "Hitch" sails he has to finish two more pictures under his Gaumont-British contract. One will star youthful Nova Pilbeam again, this time as a pupil at a convent school somehow getting mixed up with jewel thieves. The other, on which (*Please turn to page 86*)



British beauties! Below, the alluring Lilli Palmer. Left, Sandra Storme. Far left, the lovely Anna Neagle, at her country home. Read all about them in our story.

Illustrated by Lloyd Wright

Even Snakes Have Charm

Drama rushes romance into hectic action as "the sultriest star in Hollywood" goes to London to make a picture—and meets her new director. A story of studio life

By Frederick Stowers

Please Turn to Page 72 for Resumé of Preceding Chapters

CHAPTER III

AS GRIGGS went out Marcia paced up and down angrily, filled with dread at the coming interview. Griggs returned with Joe Butch. Butch was a little man, middle-aged, meek, mild and apologetic. He stood looking at Marcia in dog-like adoration until Griggs withdrew, then he quailed before her glare.

"When did *you* get here?" she rasped.

"It's been about three weeks now."

"Why did you come?"

"I wanted to be near you." Then at her look he hastened to add, "Besides, I haven't been well."

"Oh!"

"Do you mind if I sit down?" he asked timidly.

"No, of course not."

"I'm not feeling very strong yet," he explained apologetically.

She didn't even hear him. "You haven't told anyone—?"

"Oh no, my dear," he said, pathetically eager to reassure her. "I promise no one shall ever know anything about you—or me."

Marcia was relieved. "When are you going back?"

Butch gave her a frightened glance. "I hoped

There was a dangerous glint in Marcia's eye which failed to harmonize with her sweet smile and gracious manner. Anne said: "It's nice to see you, Marcia," while Stewart and Phil looked on.

to stay. I am much better here."

"What!"

"I haven't been at all well back east," he told her abjectly, "and I've improved so much out here that I hoped you wouldn't mind my staying."

"But if I do mind?" Marcia asked icily.

"Oh, I shan't ask anything of you," he assured her quietly, "or tell anything about you."

"I'd kill you if you did!"

"Oh, I won't."

Marcia asked, "How are you living?"

"I've been doing odd jobs, mostly gardening. You know how I love flowers."

"The father of Marcia Court a gardener—named Butch!" She turned on him in sudden passion. "If you'll go back, I'll give you plenty of money to live on and you need never work again."

"I wouldn't live long if I went back home," Butch said sadly.

"You've come here to make it hard for me," Marcia said, controlling her fury.

"Oh no," he cried in an agony of protest, "I came because I wanted to see you again, and I called at the house because you have such a lovely garden. I'd like to be your gardener."

"What you mean is you'd like to come here and live with me!" Marcia said sharply.

"Only as a gardener," Butch said with gentle pleading. "I shouldn't expect to live in the house, and I shouldn't expect you to recognize me as your father. But you are all I have left in the world and I'm so proud of you. All I ask is that you let me be near enough to see you once in a while as you pass by. Perhaps you'd let me live in the little lodge house at the gate; then I could see you going in and out."

Touched by his speech, there was a first showing of shame in Marcia, a tardy attempt to be gracious. "You understand it isn't that I'd object to anyone knowing you were my father."

"I understand," he said quietly.

"I'd have sent you money," Marcia continued, still in extenuation, "but it's been so long since I've been in touch with you, and I wasn't even sure you were still alive. Why didn't you write me when you first saw me on the screen?"

(*Please turn to page 72*)

Samples of the Powell-Blondell camera work: above, Dick, by Joan; upper left, Joan, by Dick. Center above, son Normie when younger; far left and left, the boy grows older, and Mama Joan photographs him in his toy racer and at the beach.

For Fun and Sun!

Be spontaneous instead of scientific about your amateur photography and you will always enjoy it, says Joan Blondell—who does!

By Ruth Tildesley

IF YOU ask me, Joan Blondell's got the secret of popularity, charm, fascination and what not. Looking more gold-haired, blue-eyed and pink-cheeked than ever in the widows' weeds of her rôle in "There's Always a Woman," two pink camellias snuggled up under her chin, she's tops. She can do that You-great-big-man-you stuff, whether it's for the benefit of husband Dick Powell, son Normie, the still cameraman or Melvyn Douglas, all of whom are trying to show Joan how to use a candid camera; but she does it with a difference. She has a twinkle behind it. They all seem to feel that they *are* great big men, and that she is frightfully in need of instruction, though possibly a bit too mad to follow it. If she shoots a picture and it turns out well, that's an accident; if she produces under-exposed, over-exposed, blurred or blank negatives, well, no matter; she's sweet and feminine and adorable and who wants more? That, my dears, is magic. And Joan's got it!

"Dick has always been a camera enthusiast; or else I didn't know him when he wasn't," she confided, from the couch in her portable dressing-room. "His pictures are good, and having a real camera artist in the family discouraged me because I knew I could never compete with him.

"Now and then, before I got my camera, I used to try to take shots with Dick's Leica, but I couldn't seem to get the hang of the thing. You know, you hold it up to your eye and go click. I never could see anything. Probably looking through the wrong spot.

"This went on until one day Dick had his yacht, *Galatea,* up at Santa Barbara, where he was making some Leica shots and I was having myself a sun bath. He sailed away, leaving the camera behind. I get seasick easily, so I was going home by land, and I sat on the beach playing with the Leica. The boat looked so lovely that I thought: 'Why don't I get a picture?' Then, going professional, I found a filter and put it on. I don't know now whether it was red or yellow—it was probably the wrong one because the results were marvelous—and that's the way I work!

"Anyway, the little films enlarged into gorgeous sea shots, with reflections, a sky that looks like the afterglow of sunset against cloud banks, although it was morning, and the boat a graceful silhouette.

"When they were printed, Dick said it must have been an accident, because the shots were as good as any he had taken. But I took heart and began to think of myself as a camera artist and make little cups out of my hands and stare at things—you know, all the arty tricks?" Her smile poked fun at herself, the tricks, and—very gently—the gentlemen who follow them.

"Dick loves scenery. Shadows are a sort of mild mania with him. But I'm not a scenic addict myself. I like people. I thought how nice it would be to have a camera you could really see into and to get something nobody could call an accident. But by that time, of course, I was sure the boat shots were of my own won-

derful ability—my conception of art, stamped with my personality! You know me!

"Along came Christmas, and Dick said: 'I hope I've bought you what you want, Joanie,' Well, I said I'd love it, whatever it was, but all I really wanted was a camera. And it was a Rolleiflex, with a box you can look down into, so when you shoot you see what you're doing!"

The chief trouble with the blonde star's photography is that she is usually so excited when she sees a good picture and tries to snap it that she is likely to wriggle!

"I haven't a tripod," she explained, pushing back a blowing lock, "but after the first reel of blurry, fuzzy shots, I got used to the idea of resting the box on my knee and stepping up the thing so it took the shot at a rapid rate of speed and then the movement, if there is any, doesn't show. But I'm improving. Soon I won't wriggle at all!

"Just now I'm crazy over angle shots. The other day, Dick was telephoning and I thought: 'Here's a marvelous chance to get a shot down on him!' So I stood on the bed and tried to focus on him. I must have moved a little for the next thing I knew, I had fallen over on top of him and nearly broken the poor darling's nose with the camera. The man at the other end of the telephone must have thought there was an earthquake! But Dick was an angel about it."

Joan expects to experiment this summer with real angle shots—candid ones—of people at the beach.

"You're always seeing people asleep with their mouths open there—tonsil shots, funny faces and so on. I love that! As a rule, shots you get when the subject doesn't know you are shooting are good, because they are unposed.

"Speaking of posing, I have an ideal subject at home—my son, Normie. He loves to pose. He's mad about having his picture taken. No trouble about persuading him! If I tell him to do anything, he gets the idea at once. The other night, I said: 'Normie, take two pillows and hold them (*Please turn to page 84*)

When people tell Joan: "You can't shoot that!" she does, anyway—and the results are usually good. Left above, Normie as a fireman. Below, a studio grab-shot of Joan with Melvyn Douglas. Right, below, Joan's pretty hairdresser. At bottom of page, Joan's best picture, of Dick's yacht, the Galatea. Above, click!

Running true to Hollywood form! Take a look—(we're way ahead of you, have taken several already)—at the bevy of Paramount cuties at right above. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Micha Auer and Danielle Darrieux, above, in "Rage of Paris." Left, Evelyn Venable's hair is being "highlighted."

Here's Hollywood

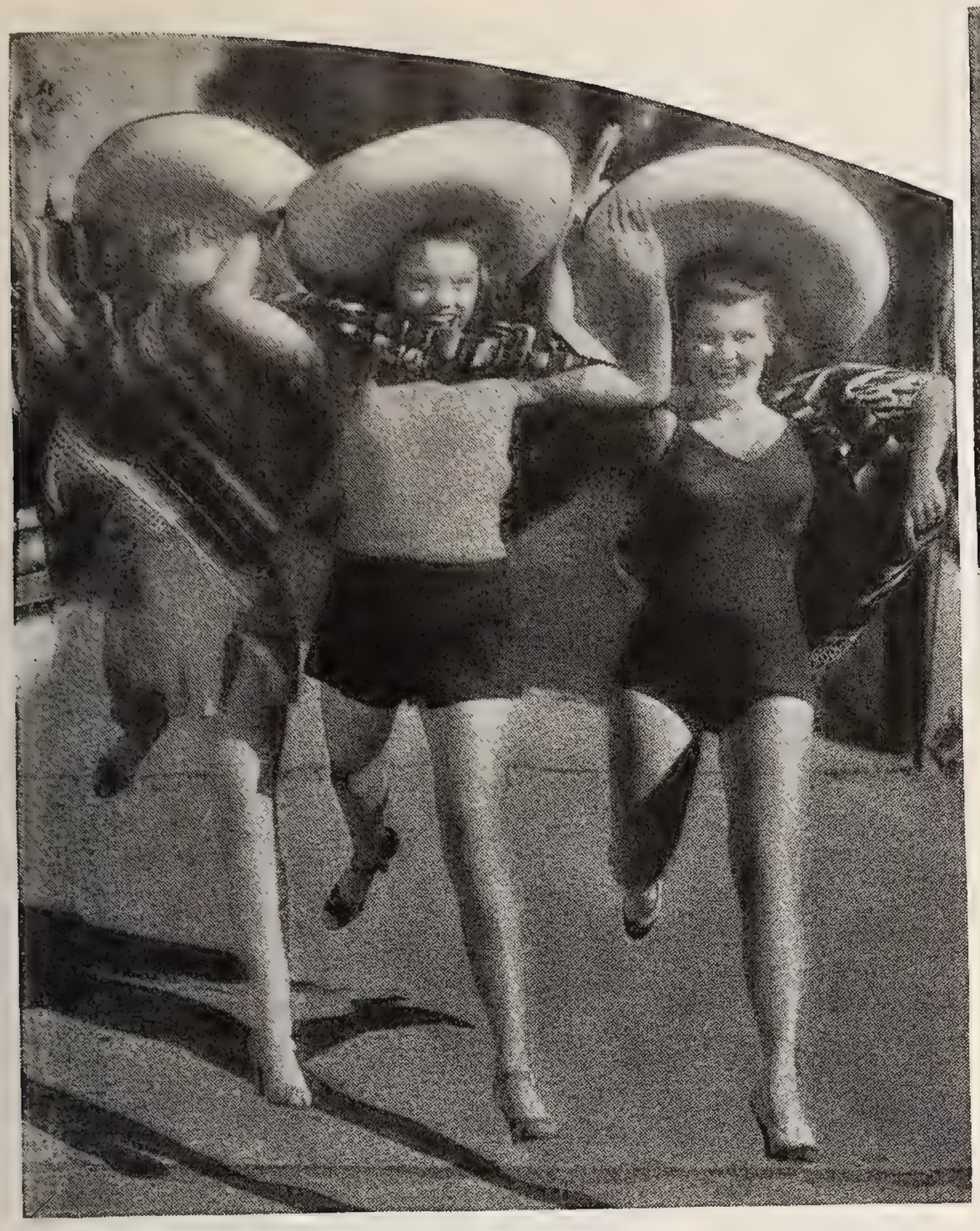
NOW Paul Muni is gladly staying put a while. He's done what he swore he wouldn't do—signed another long-term contract, after returning from a trip around Europe. While preparing for his next rôle he's also enjoying his new home. The Munis have moved from a ranch to a hill overlooking the Pacific. Of course you know of Paul's passion for privacy. Well, while he was vacationing the real estate company developing his new neighborhood put out new sales maps, with the Muni home played up as a come-on. So Palos Verdes is not only exclusive—it offers Muni as one of the gang.

HERE'S why you haven't seen a lot of the biggest stars lately. Barbara Stanwyck was on strike for better rôles. After six months of screen idleness she's currently at work, trying the glamor act of all things! Many accepted her argument that she couldn't wear clothes dashingly; so she's returning with twenty-five costume changes in her long-delayed picture. Fredric March has been absent from Hollywood for eight months; his Broadway stage try flopped, but Freddie will try again, is reading play scripts by the score. Joan Crawford has been discarding scripts for six months, also. At the critical stage of her career, she doesn't want to pick a bloomer.

Joan has had two New York trips during her prolonged "intermission." Norma Shearer's two-year lay-off will be visually ended next September, when her idea of France's most famous queen hits the screen. Eleanor Powell has been inactive, and wondering about her future. So much money has been spent attempting to make her a major star. Eleanor is thinking of a couple of more super-dance dreams and then retirement. She has never had the romance she wants. Perhaps because she's concentrated on work.

WHAT will happen to Rochelle Hudson, Ann Sothern, Madge Evans, Jean Parker, Gladys George, and Dixie Dunbar? They are no longer being groomed for stardom by the studios which had been promoting them. Of the group, Rochelle and Madge had had the longest build-ups. Rochelle was supposed to have taken Janet Gaynor's place, but—. The most tears have been shed over Madge and Gladys George. Both are particularly swell troupers, who did their darnedest to deserve every break they got. But don't worry too much—some-

It'll be two leading ladies, thank you (thank Warners, we mean), for Errol Flynn in "Four's a Crowd." Right, leading lady Rosalind Russell and Flynn.



All smiles! Yes, even Ian Hunter, at right in group above, is smiling, in spite of a realistic "make-up" black eye, while Kay Francis and George Brent enjoy a hearty joke between scenes for "Secrets of an Actress." Right, Charles Boyer, very preoccupied as he attends a preview in Hollywood.

The romance, humor, and human-interest side of screen life told in camera and news flashes

how all these girls will be making the best of their current detouring. They all have spunk. Remember Jean Muir, Gertrude Michael and Julie Hayden? The first two have been acting in England, tiding over until Hollywood recalls them for a second chance. Julie has won out on Broadway, which is something more famous ladies—like Sylvia Sidney and Elissa Landi—haven't managed in recent tries.

LATEST *Scarlet O'Hara* candidate—Frances Dee! What's more, she's actually been tested at length for the coveted rôle. Even if she doesn't win it Frances says it gave her a chance to use the town home she and Joel have been paying rent on. They leased a Bel-Air mansion and in three months they'd stayed there only four days. They can't tear themselves away from the wide open spaces of the ranch.

OLYMPE BRADNA'S starring preview had a strange inside story. Olympe had never been to any of her previews, forever fearing the worst. But she had decided to attend the first one scheduled after she was promoted to stardom. But her father's illness interfered. It is he who has encouraged her, coached her. When she saw he wouldn't be able to go out she asked the studio for a private preview at home on the evening of the theatre showing. While the town was applauding her major début Olympe and her parents were viewing the film at home.

PUT your money on Joan Bennett marrying for the third time. The lucky man will be the influential producer Walter Wanger. A year or so ago he realized that all Joan needed, for her career, was more expert picture-picking. He put her under contract and he has been a good mentor. The insiders say that the only thing holding up the wedding is the necessary preliminary divorcing. Joan applied for hers first.

JIMMY CAGNEY is the latest to build a new home in the Coldwater Canyon sector. George Raft, Kay Francis, Preston Foster, Ray Milland, Bette Davis, and now James—! This particular canyon is over the hills from Beverly proper. It's pretty brown half of the year, but it's peaceful and, believe it or not, peace is what a star craves for off moments. Jimmy was sparing with his architect; he still calls his farm at Martha's Vineyard his real home.

And here's leading lady Olivia de Havilland who, with Rosalind Russell also present, gives Mr. Flynn a chance to double in romance in his new picture.

Reunion at Paramount! Gary Cooper, back to his former home lot to do a film, visits Fred MacMurray and director Al Santell, left. The camera wouldn't wait, so June Lang is caught applying lipstick as her luncheon companion, Allan Lane, looks on, upper right. Horse-play on the iron horse that took Hugh Herbert, vacationing after his work in "Gold Diggers in Paris," and Jimmy Durante from Hollywood to New York, for a holiday; right.

YOU dare not drop in at Loretta Young's unless you are ready to pass a camera test. Loretta has gone wild over her 16 m.m. movie camera, and she insists upon preserving all comers in Technicolor. It's painless enough at the time, of course; the blow falls when you see yourself as others actually see you. The bookshop closest to the Young mansion reports an amazing sale of how-to-rebolster-your-ego books! But Loretta's prize for this month is her little feature starring the four generations in her family. Her grandfather, Dr. Robert Royal, her mother, her sisters, and her nieces are the performers. She admits she got them at their best angles; why shouldn't she give them the benefit of her technical knowledge!

BING CROSBY is changing! It's news when the placid, casual Crosby develops a streak of formality. When he began trying to dress his brother Larry up folks gasped. Bing's always scorned the very suggestion of correct dressing himself. But that was only the beginning. Next he ordered eight walnut trees pulled out of his front lawn. Seems they shed leaves on the grass.

CHEERFUL NOTE: newcomers are still getting the big jumps from the nowhere into the spotlight. Richard Greene, from London, is the handsomest of the new finds and he's a star overnight. RKO has an English hero, too; he's Derrick de Marney. (How veddy elegant, wot?) But the local talent isn't squelched. One "Hank" Luisetti came to town with the Stanford basketball team, to play against U.S.C. Before he left he'd been signed by Paramount. When he graduates in June he'll report for a basketball film. He'll get $10,000 for his performance in it, and will have Mary Carlisle to screen-love. They even have the title for his epic—"Campus Confessions." But they'll probably re-title him.

QUITE by coincidence Dorothy Lamour chose the lot next door to Ray Milland for her new house. Since she's done several films with Ray a lot of fans have blandly assumed the two are really in love. Each, however, has a perfectly good mate. Mrs. M. is a non-professional, while Mr. L. is Herbie Kay, orchestra leader who's currently the dance draw at the Cocoanut Grove. Dorothy is singing there three night a week as his "unknown" guest star. Evidently Paramount doesn't want her publicly billed as an attraction in a night spot. So Dorothy does her bit for love more or less incognito. She tossed a cocktail party to introduce Herbie to the press. Everyone gave him the OK sign after inspecting him. But speaking of Dot's screen hero, again: Ray almost went flying down to British Guiana this month. In a recent magazine interview he reminisced about his boyhood pal and their escapades. He'd completely lost track of the fellow. One day a letter from a doctor in South America arrived. Now a student of tropical diseases, his pal had come in from the jungle and had purchased the magazine. "I never thought you'd remember," the letter began. Ray was so delighted he immediately planned to fly down for a between-pictures visit. His studio stopped him, however. They had a million-dollar epic ready for his attention. Moral: if you actually were a chum of a star "when" don't hesitate to write a word of greeting.

POST-CARDS drifted back to Hollywood from Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond off on a long planned vacation toot. They railed across the continent, both very much in the holiday mood. Of course, it wasn't as quiet a vacation as they anticipated, for as soon as they were spotted the fans rallied around. Gene, because of his blond hair, rated recognition first. You might not realize Jeanette is who she is, if unwarned, for she has a straightforward gusto not usually identified with Hollywood stars. She doesn't bother to wear make-up unless she knows she has to be on display, and she's an outdoor type. Don't be alarmed by that rumor that she and Nelson Eddy will part, professionally. As soon as she returned he had completed his annual concert tour, and they'll again be breaking your heart in true sentimental style. Two scripts are readying, and they'll be summering on sound stages, probably in "Sweethearts." Gene Raymond, meanwhile, has cannily refused to be rushed into any more long contracts. He's picking his rôles, to regain his niche.

EVER plan to build your dream house? If so you can sympathize with Virginia Bruce. She relapses into a sea of blueprints every time she has an idle hour. For months she labored over her plans for precisely the kind of retreat she wanted. Unfortunately, it was ideal for a bachelor girl and not for a bride. When she fell in love she had to junk the whole idea. Now she's practically finished another noble notion. This time there is plenty of room, even, for bundles from the stork. Fly high, fly low! Mister Stork, don't let the Bruce reputation for glamor scare you away from her new chimneys. She's old-fashioned about babies.

SO ANITA LOUISE just took another bite of pie and laughed and laughed! While dining she was listening to a radio gossiper's program. He announced, authoritatively, Anita's engagement to one Al Stern of New York. The truth is that she hasn't the slightest intention of an engagement with anyone, at this time. Least of all with Al. He is an old friend who visited in Hollywood three months ago; while West he escorted Anita to one party. Thus is "news" manufactured!

NOW the Hollywood gang really has another "beautiful friendship" to talk about! For a while Marlene Dietrich had three or four escorts, varying them. But even an English earl is taking second place to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., now. Maybe Doug's teaming with Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Danielle Darrieux, Janet Gaynor, and Joan Bennett—that's his picture or professional line-up since his return—has made Marlene more aware of his charm. Anyway, Dietrich drops in on him at his studio for lunch almost every noon. She sweeps onto the lot in an imported limousine which makes all the other lady stars gawk. Her liveried chauffeur bowing her

Looking, but hard, at each other at left above, are Robert Benchley and Ricardo Cezon, aged five, but with a record of thirty parts played. They're together in a new Benchley short. Looking hard at the cameraman is Rudy Vallee, pictured with Judy Stewart, singer often rumored engaged to him, at a Hollywood restaurant, right. Betty Compson, one of the screen's important stars of the silent era, once more on the active acting list, is making a cheerful come-back; left.

out is the follow-up sight, but Marlene's sartorial variety is the pay-off. She sports a fresh ensemble on every appearance, fairly dripping glamor. Comes the fall and she will have a weekly radio program of her very own, at $5,000 per week. Altogether, Marlene's life is nice work—if you can get it!

RICHARD ARLEN'S wife is diplomatically illustrating how to hold a handsome husband for years and years. She was glancing at a newspaper one morning and chanced to say, aloud, that she wished she could wear a particular snappy dress sketched therein. Dick didn't more than say oh. But that night he returned with a package. He'd gone downtown and bought the dress for Joby. It isn't her style or color and she still wishes she were tall and slimmer so she could wear it. But so she won't disappoint him she's gallantly braving the stares of the local women. It may not be her type, but Dick's beaming.

IF YOU have been wondering whether the Hawaiian craze is worth going for, yes—! Hollywood still has eight first-class Hawaiian night spots, going full blast. Ann Sothern has been taking private hula lessons from Lydia Bray, renowned as the best hula teacher in the world. Lydia's daughters are the 3 Hawaiian Sweethearts at the Beverly-Wilshire dance center. Even Madge Evans is seriously considering employing a hip-tossing tutor. Madge, by the way, has the fish story to end all fish whoppers. For her new drama there was a fish fry. They went on location and, she swears, she had to fry for a solid week. The director felt she didn't have the *sympatica* flair with the frying pan. It was almost enough to make her wish she were back stooging at dear old M-G-M!

WHAT happens when a studio loses interest in you? Johnny Downs is a current example. He saw the writing on the wall. So he polished up his diction, his singing and dancing, and N.B.C. is now grooming him to be a coast-to-coast master-of-ceremonies. Just to show Paramount he was smart he sold his ex-bosses a keen song for Mary Carlisle to sing in her latest. Appropriately, it's called "Beautifully Done."

LOUISE CAMPBELL hopes she'll get time for a wedding this summer. The groom will be Horace MacMahon, actor. Meanwhile, she's heroine in a million-dollar production and living out of four trunks. They are the *piece de resistance* of her suite at the Hollywood Roosevelt. Company usually has to pack up her wardrobe before it can sit down and relax.

THREE Warner gentlemen are passing out cigars—Patric Knowles, Allen Jenkins, and Dick Foran. Here's the latest on Joan Blondell's forthcoming "little stranger." The columnists announced it as an August event. Joan said phooey, how should they know! It was a June jubilee that Daddy Powell was going to have. Everyone can pipe down now—the doctor who will preside has just voted for a July shindig.

NO ONE hates to have her love life probed into any more than Kay Francis. The press can go pick on the others is Kay's motto. So imagine the shock when word leaked out that she had hired a private press agent to handle the news in her life! All the newspaper photographers came up to photograph Kay and her baron fiance on an explicit invitation. Kay can stall the interviewers, but, wisely, she knew the candid cameramen would pursue her if she didn't cooperate with the photographers. And a girl wants her fifth husband to look as swell as possible! The baron, to give details, is going to have charge of a new airplane factory a San Francisco capitalist is establishing in Los Angeles. He never visits Kay at the studio. That, sighs the impressed hired help, is the baron in him!

ONE of the prettiest June brides will be none other than Gloria Dickson. Perc Westmore, make-up wizard at her studio, will be her groom. It isn't that Gloria is so sentimental about June, however; she couldn't take the matrimonial pledge before the boy-friend got a divorce. It's her first.

NO ONE but his agent and his secretary knows George Brent's telephone number. But here's some new dope on him: he's switched from airplaning to automobiling, and drove his new car—and it's not a high-powered one, but the brand that's commonest—from Mexico City to Hollywood in three days and nights.

SOMETHING seems to have happened to June Lang's devotion to her middle-aged millionaire admirer. Her wedding bells were supposed to be just around the corner, ringing out in June when his Renovating was complete. But he's had to go East on business and while he's away June has been having fun with a flock of younger lads. She's been going places with Michael Whalen, Allan Lane, a Pasadena attorney, and the handsome captain of the Uplifters' polo team. This latter athlete is in the automobile business and every Sunday he has a radio hour of music advertising his bargains. Being romantic, he has his program announced as "the June Lang hour."

HOLLYWOOD is a pushover for dogs and the stars beamed when The Tail-waggers, a club for well-kept dogs, was formed. Wallace Ford didn't have enough to do in just knocking Broadway for a loop in his current play there. So he has bustled about and formed the New York chapter of the popular club. You can join, too, and receive a regular pin and paper. Here's a new way to be like this with your favorite star. And when you come to Hollywood and wangle an introduction to the great one you won't turn into a cake of ice, or be reduced to bemoaning the weather. You can instantly talk purps, and lo—pals!

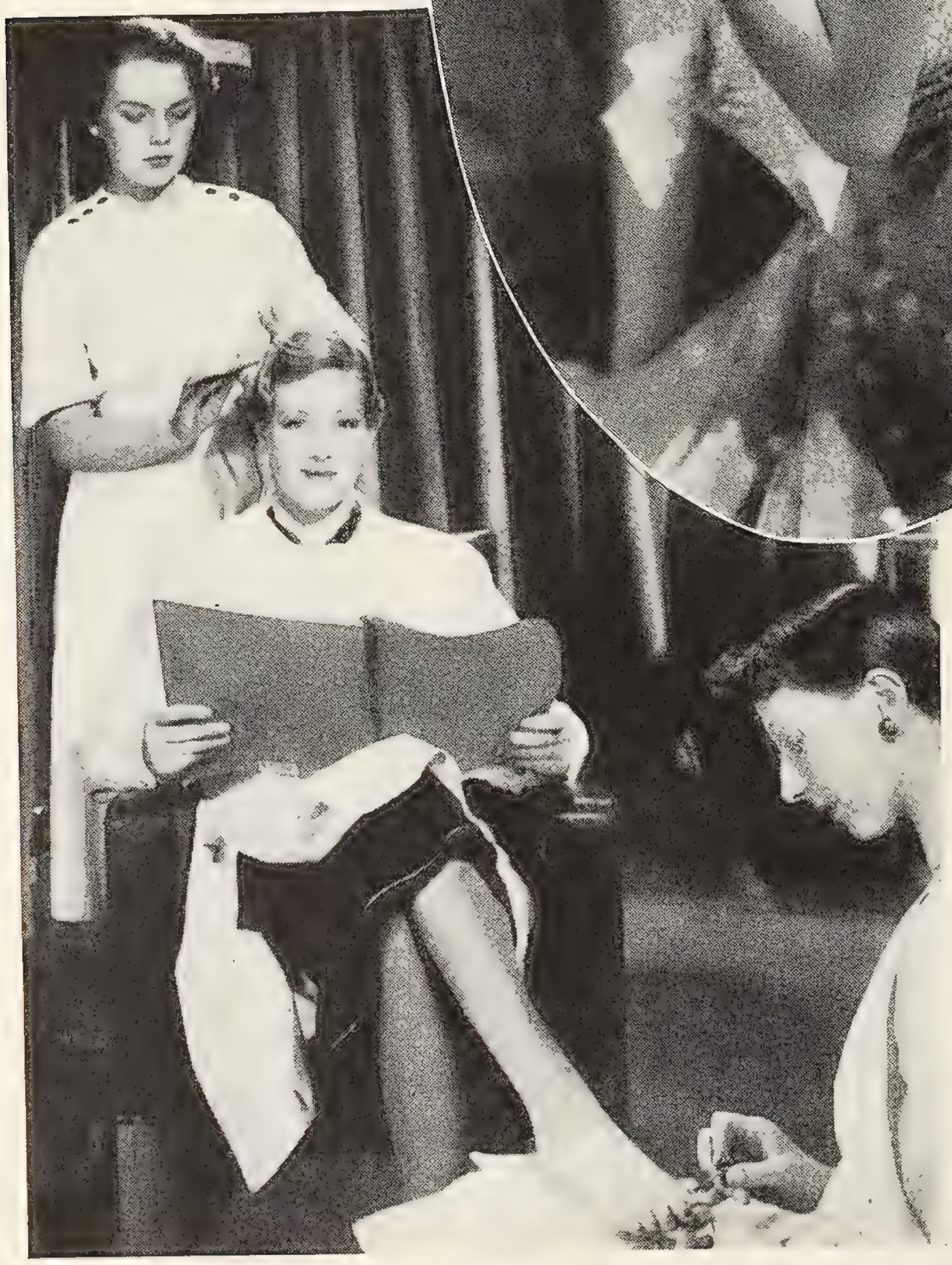
GENUINE tragedy of the month: the death of Una Merkel's little Irish setter, Shanty. Una lives in the Hollywood hills, and a boulder slipped right down into her back garden. Her idolized pet was directly hit.

Very, Very Personal

Are you neat and presentable or are you beautifully groomed and chic? Try this check-up on your own habits!

By Courtenay Marvin

Andrea Leeds has youth, beauty, and magnetism. She is a picture lesson in daintiness and feminine charm, two answers to success when you mingle them with confidence and courage. Below, blonde Binnie Barnes illustrates economy in time by getting wave set, pedicure and a little script-study all at one sitting. This is the way busy girls manage in spite of social or business engagements, and is the answer to that just-out-of-a-bandbox look on very short notice.



STAMINA is something you must have if you ever expect to make a dent on Hollywood, say the studio authorities there who know. And stamina is also something you must have if you hope to make a success as career girl or wife. Especially do husbands revere this quality, though they think of it as courage, grit or something romantic. In some, this quality of what it takes to get along is born; in others, it's *put* there. To be confident, steadfast, you must have faith in yourself, and nothing gives it to you more surely than an attractive appearance and a sense of being at your very best. Now and then we all slip, fall into careless habits, and need a jolt of some kind to jar us out of them. So though these ideas apply to everyone, they are dedicated especially to the June bride and graduate, since these are the girls who are about to end one chapter of their experience and begin another.

The beginning of something new is always inspiring. You recognize the opportunity to toss out old habits and drawbacks to which you have become chained; to turn a brand new page and start all over again. So if you're starting your very own home, going on to your first job, or anything that's different from the old routine, take with you a new set of personal habits. Habits are great things. They are your nature, instinct, almost. "It's just habit,"—you know the old saying. Then why not a little drill on some good ones that will help personality and appearance enormously? With personality and appearance well in hand, you are far on the road to success—miles ahead of the girl who thinks she is all right as she is. Sad but true, few of us are. That small margin between being neat and presentable and being beautifully groomed and chic is a big point in success and is only a matter of interest in small details. The same is true of personality. Glenda Farrell is one of the truly popular people in Hollywood. She has a reputation for being a grand, regular person. Once she told me that much credit was due her brothers, when she was growing up. They put and kept her in her place, as brothers have a way of doing. No going all girl and crying or teasing and getting her way. Those brothers made her reasonable, genial, a good sort, and she is grateful and frank enough to say so.

Your personality is *you* from the heart and head —words, acts, attitudes.

Your person from the outside is another matter, so let's concentrate on some routine matters that can increase your good looks no end.

Bathing, to some, is merely a cleansing business. Under shower or into tub, and that is that. Since chic has its beginning in the bath, why not make your bath serve several purposes—cleanliness, relaxation, and skin beauty? Once a week or more, have a real beauty bath. Make and take time for it—at least half an hour, more if you can. Warm water is best, and use a softener and perfumer. These come in crystals, powder, salts, liquid, and bath oil form—many very inexpensive. Softened water makes such a difference on skin! Use plenty of soap, a rough cloth, or bath brush, and use until your skin is pink and glowing. in fact, *scrub!* Upper arms, back, thighs, legs and

feet will benefit, because here dead cuticle seems to gather, or eruptions come on the upper arms and back. This is really a body facial, if you know what I mean.

Poems and songs are dedicated to smiles. But your smile is only as lovely as your teeth. Every six months, visit your dentist for a brushing and examination. Then brush at least twice daily. Do you take the trouble to brush up and down instead of across? It's more awkward but much more cleansing. The idea of using two preparations, perhaps a powder at night, a paste in the morning, appeals to me for variety's sake. Do see that your toothbrush fits your mouth and needs. Any drugstore clerk can advise you on the many styles, and use two, so that bristles can dry out between use. Buy a known brand if you want the brush to last and cleanse well. There is a purse-size toothbrush that fits into a tube, which, when in use, forms the handle, so if you are unexpectedly an overnight guest or rush from your office to a long evening, you can still manage mouth immaculacy. The antiseptic mouth wash certainly belongs in every bathroom and the habit of a good rinse keeps you on the right side.

The deodorant habit is widespread and we perform a Girl Scout act when we persuade husbands and brothers to use something, especially before an evening of dancing. There are creams, liquids, powders. Some merely neutralize, while others do that and stop dampness by driving it to another part of the body.

Personal hygienic aids have developed to an astounding stage of comfort and dependability and there is an adequate answer to every personal need and taste. You have only to look about the modern drugstore or the notions section of a department store to make all kinds of helpful discoveries that add to poise, health, and comfort. Keep up with the times here, for much is being done for you.

Feet, except for discomfort, seemed forgotten until the gay toes and toeless sandal leaped into fashion. Toeless sandals are worn with everything and along comes hosiery with a mesh toe to further increase foot beauty. Callouses, corns and rubbed spots are so quickly eliminated with the wonderful little aids made to cure them. The drugstore has your answer.

The following of these grooming points give you a sense of fitness and rightness that means confidence and so develops stamina. Man worships daintiness! To this basic personal care add glamor in perfumes, make-up and flower garden colors in your clothes. And this summer of 1938 will see truly glamorous girls!

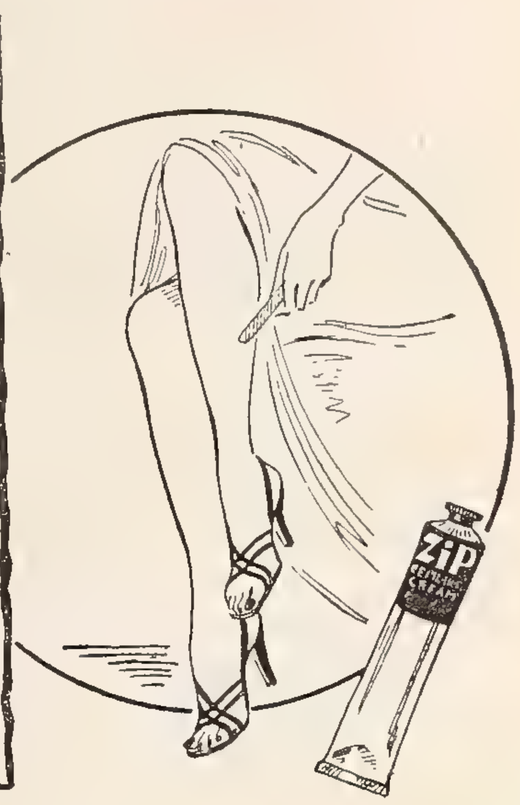
Ann Doran shows a new travel tooth brush that will fit into your bag.

Yours for Loveliness

Good Grooming Ideas for Warm Days Ahead

Dreskin Coolies are a way to cleaner and clearer skin.

The slim figure wears Fortuna pantie girdle with high praise.



Satin-smooth legs are the result of Zip Depilatory Cream.

ALL of us would cleanse our faces oftener if we could make it a quicker, more convenient procedure. Here is the solution for that—Dreskin Coolies by Campana. They are little cotton pads saturated with this cleansing, toning Dreskin, that inspire you to use them often, thereby insuring your best face at all times and encouraging a finer, clearer skin. Dreskin Coolies come in a purse-size compact, a boon for the worker, shopper or traveler, as well as in the dressing-table humidor illustrated. This holds a quantity, has a canal on the inside base to keep the pads ready for instant use, and is a neat looking affair. Don't let warm days catch you without these Coolies.

THE pantie girdle is coming to be *the* underpiece for the young or slim wearer. Above is a prize, practically feather-weight because of its light yet resistant Lastex voile fabric. Without a sense of restraint or pressure, it moulds you to slim, liquid lines under evening or street dress, shorts, slacks or culottes. This is the Fortuna pantie girdle by Wolfe & Lang, New York, and it, as well as a girdle of the same type, comes in tea rose or white, in your department stores. Two important points are three lengths, short, medium and tall for each size. This means the utmost in comfort and fit. Very cool, and it washes and dries with almost the ease of stockings.

WITH skirts going higher, color and cutouts making shoe fashions and stockings like cobwebs, beautifully groomed legs are as important as your face. They are a most definite asset in your personal ensemble and they must be as satin-smooth as your cheek. This is where Zip Depilatory Cream proves your answer. It's clean and quick to use, perfumed, and need remain on only five minutes. Above you see the familiar Zip Depilatory Cream tube, as effective, of course, on arms and under-arms as on legs. If you want more permanent removal, there's Zip Epilator that helps destroy hair permanently.

PERFUME lovers all know the famous Ciro creations, especially Surrender and Reflexions. If, at times, you simply can't stretch your budget to include them, here is a way still to indulge in these luxuries. Eau de Ciro captures the richness of these famous perfumes, including the two mentioned, comes in a generous flask at a price to delight the budgeters. These Eaux de Ciro make ideal light perfumes for summer and serve all the purposes of body rub and refreshant, and you can afford to be lavish in their use.

WHEN is an apron more than an apron? When it graduates from the kitchen and makes you look a charming hostess instead of a cook. That's what our gay peasant Transpara apron, sketched, does for you, yet it's highly protective. Made of transparent Pliofilm in crystal with bandings of gay color, your lovely frock shows through, and you'll welcome chances to adorn yourself with it. It's very durable and cleaned with a damp cloth.

A gay peasant effect plus protection with Transpara apron.

OF course, you'll have bright toes this summer to match fingertips, and Toesies will help you get them. Toesies sound like a joke, but they're the most practical gadgets you've seen in a long time — soft rubber separators that slip between toes so you may apply lacquer without smearing and with ease. They're a blessing at foot! C. M.

Even Snakes Have Charm

Continued from page 63

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Marcia Court rises from obscurity as an "extra" to stardom under the guidance of Phil Burns, publicity agent, first attracted to her as a fascinating beauty capable of savage outbursts of anger, when Marcia insults Anne Barrett, star whose success she resents. Later, Anne returns to her native England, and Marcia wearies of the "alley cat" rôles for which she is famed. Burns insists she cannot play the sympathetic type of rôles, sarcastically intimating that her background and the past she guards as a secret even from him perfectly fit her to personify the "alley cat." In her elaborate new home Marcia is awaiting word on her new contract demands, when the butler announces a Mr. Joe Butch. Greatly agitated, Marcia agrees to see the visitor.

"I was afraid some secretary might see the letter and I—well, I didn't want to embarrass you."

"That was very thoughtful of you."

Butch moved forward and took one of her hands as he looked at her with shining eyes. "You're beautiful."

"Thank you." She bent over and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Now, run along. I'll arrange about the lodge house and see that everything is made comfortable for you."

"Thank you so very much." Butch hesitated. "Before I go I'd like to say I think you are a great actress."

Marcia frowned. "I will be when I'm allowed to choose my own stories."

"You've done some wonderful characterizations — there's no one like you." He looked at her a moment before he added with fond timidity, "You remind me of—your mother."

"What!"

"You have her same fire," he continued with brave loyalty.

"She was a common hell cat!"

"She had spirit."

"You mean she had a filthy temper."

"You mustn't blame her too much," Butch plead humbly. "I broke her heart. When we were married she had hoped for great things. I'd had a fair education and she thought I'd be a successful business man. I ended up by being a janitor and she was forced to become a scrub woman."

"And I was just a neighborhood brat that roamed the streets most of the time like a stray cur dog, hungry, dirty, and terribly ashamed!"

"I know," he said miserably. "Your childhood was tragic. That always happens to children who are brought up in sordid surroundings, especially when they have vivid imaginations, and you were sensitive—just like your mother."

Marcia turned on him fiercely. "Don't you ever compare me with her again! I won't be like her!"

"Florrie!"

"Oh my God! Florrie! And don't you ever call me *that* again. Florrie Butch!" Marcia spoke with suppressed intensity. "Listen, you are my father and I want to help you. But if you stay around here you must promise me one thing: Never again to mention my mother or anything about my past. I've risen above it and I want to forget. Oh God, how I want to forget! And I could if they'd only give me parts that weren't forever reminding me of her. There are times when I look at myself on the screen and it seems to me that I'm looking at her!"

Butch couldn't resist saying, "That's just it. Don't you understand—it's her spirit in you that makes you the great actress you are."

"Didn't I tell you not to—!"

Griggs entered. "Begging your pardon for the interruption, Miss Court, but Mr. Burns has arrived and insists upon seeing you at once."

"All right, show him in." As Griggs went out Marcia turned to Butch. "You may arrange to move into the lodge house any time after tomorrow. Do you need money?"

"No, I have enough to run me for a few days."

"I'll see that you get more right away, but please remember—"

"You can trust me," he promised. "I wouldn't do anything to make you unhappy. But sometimes I wish you'd stop in the garden and say hello to me."

"Of course I will."

As Butch started to go Phil came in. They looked at each other in surprise.

"Hello there, Joe."

"Hello, Mr. Burns."

Marcia gave a violent start. "You two know each other?"

"Sure, we're old friends. How are you getting along, Joe? Feeling better?"

"Oh yes, I'm fine," Joe said eagerly, "And now I'm to have a steady job. Miss Court is going to let me be her gardener."

"That's swell. Then I'll be seeing a lot of you."

"I hope so, sir. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Joe," Marcia said.

"Good-bye." Butch shot Marcia a funny look as he went out. She turned to Phil uneasily. "How long have you known Joe?"

"Oh, a couple of weeks."

"How did you meet him?"

"I saw him hanging around the studio gates. He seemed such a pathetic little fellow, and we got to talking. I let him do some work out at my house and before long we became friends."

"What did you find to talk about?" Marcia asked, trying to be careless about it.

"Oh, many things—you, for instance. He's quite an ardent public where you're concerned."

"What did he tell you about me?"

Phil looked at her shrewdly. "You mean about your shady past?"

"What did Joe tell you about me?" Marcia demanded, coldly insistent.

"Nothing to cause you to lose sleep," was Phil's prompt but not very reassuring reply. "He merely remarked that he had known your family in the old days."

"Did he tell you anything about them?" she persisted.

"Not a thing," Phil said impatiently.

"And I didn't come here to discuss the social amenities with you," Phil said shortly, "or to start another fight. I came from Sol."

"Oh, did you!" Marcia started walking back and forth in nervous strides. "Well, Mr. Burns, what is the proposition this time?"

"I didn't come here to talk propositions, but to deliver an ultimatum. You will either sign the contract I've drawn up with Sol Baumberg for your services, or you won't work at all."

"Won't I, indeed?"

"Not until my contract with you runs out—one year from now. And I warn you it will be useless for you to pull another of your alley cat scenes."

"If you ever mention that word to me again," she shrieked, "I'll—I'll do something violent!"

"You have all the necessary talents," he assured her coldly, "but suppose you save

Hollywood circus party! Among film celebrities entertained by Frank Borzage were Richard Arlen and Joan Crawford, at left. Anita Louise and Wendy Barrie, above.

the supreme effort for a paid audience."

"Is rudeness a badge of your profession?"

"I refuse to answer."

"You don't need to!" She glared at him. "Did you see the Hollywood Reporter?"

"I did."

"Well?"

"Did you benefit by the message it contained?"

"Message?"

Phil sighed. "I was afraid you might have missed its intent. In elementary words, my dear actress, it seemed to be a thinly veiled suggestion that you are making a damned fool of yourself as a Hollywood holdout."

"Oh, as for that," Marcia said pleasantly, "I like being a damned fool." She stared at him with sudden suspicion. "It couldn't be that you had anything to do with getting that printed in the Reporter?"

"I'm fully capable of delivering my own messages in person, and not at all squeamish about doing it."

"No! One would never accuse *you* of being exactly—delicate."

"I hope *one* wouldn't. But let's stop this silly bickering and get down to business. Will you sign this contract?"

"Have you written in a clause stating I'm to select my stories and play only such parts as suit me?"

"No."

"No!"

Phil rose casually. "Just as you say, Duchess. I won't be seeing you for several days. While I'm away keep your nose clean, both barrels."

"I wish you'd learn to differentiate between fun and filth."

"The two are so often closely allied. Well, so long."

Marcia was upset. "Where are you going?"

"Oh," Phil said carelessly, "I'm popping down to Palm Springs. If you change your mind about signing the contract, phone me."

"Oh, Phil," she cried desperately, "why won't you let me have my own way?"

"Because, my darling, I'm your discoverer, your publicity agent, your business manager, your guardian, your mentor, and your nurse, and like all good nursies, I must keep the child from getting its fingers burnt."

"Are you thinking only of the child's personal welfare?" Marcia asked bitterly.

"Only of the child's welfare—as it affects my good fortunes."

"You're an honest brute, anyway."

Phil grinned. "Brute. That's a good old fashioned word." Sitting down again, he became serious. "Marcia, I'm going to give you one last sales talk. Will you listen with an open mind?"

"Do you think I could?"

"You might make the effort. Now, let's start at the beginning: You will admit that when I discovered you, you were in a pretty bad way—in fact hungry?"

"If you hadn't discovered me, someone else would have," she said resentfully.

Phil snorted indignantly. "Now that's a shining example of Hollywood gratitude.

"Are you demanding that I be grateful?"

"Have I ever asked you for an expression of gratitude?"

"Well, I must admit you've never made the Hollywood gesture." Marcia suddenly became the woman. "Why not?"

"Why not what?"

"Why haven't you ever propositioned me?"

"Now, what the hell has that to do with the thing we're discussing?"

"Perhaps I'm too dumb to know," Marcia said serenely, happy that he was angry.

"Shut up and listen, and I promise this will be my last effort to show you the light. Starting at scratch, I discovered you—"

Marcia interrupted with a weary sigh. "So you said before and before, and on and on—"

"And you subsequently signed a contract with me—"

"Let me finish for you," Marcia said with mock courtesy, "After signing me to a contract that gave you the right to order my life completely, it's proof of your infallible judgment that I have become a great success, and I should therefore be content to go on indefinitely trusting myself to Solomon's decisions."

"Exactly. Or until such time as Solomon makes a bad guess—at least until his contract with you runs out."

"I won't do it!"

He changed to a confidential tone. "Why don't you break down and confess to Phil?"

"Confess what?" she demanded warily.

"Just what horrible inferiority complex it is that makes you wish to drop playing hard boiled hussies when you are the undisputed tops in that line."

"You needn't resort to flattery. You're wasting your time."

Phil became exasperated. "But doesn't it mean anything to you that you've set a new style in leading women that has made the others seem insipid by comparison?"

"Don't you think I have any feelings?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Evidently you haven't been reading my fan mail."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Plenty!" Marcia snapped. "I'm receiving letters from women's societies all over the country asking why I never play anything but harlots, dopes, gun molls, or murderesses, charging me with being a disgrace to my profession and a smirch on the fair womanhood of America."

"Did they forget to mention that you had won the Academy Award twice in succession for portraying these colorful rôles?"

"I could have won it just as easily in some decent rôle."

"Oh, you think so!"

"I know it."

"As queen of the drawing room, for instance?" Phil asked with fine irony.

"Yes," she answered defiantly.

"In other words you feel capable of taking any rôle?"

"Of course I do—I'm an actress."

"And you don't believe that those parts which you've been portraying were good because they were more or less a reflection of your inner self?"

Marcia was furious. "If you are going to start insinuating—!"

"Please! I'm not insinuating anything. I'm just trying to talk sense. Styles in acting change the same as clothes. The old fashioned conception of a great artist was one who could, simply by donning a beard or a wig, play many parts, none of which even remotely resembled the real actor. But the quality of acting and the general character of the audiences in those days were very naïve and everyone was easily satisfied. Today it's a different matter. You can no longer fool the public, and the public can't even fool itself. They demand that actors be temperamentally suited to the parts they play."

"All of which windy oration is simply your adroit way of telling me that, because of some strange quirk in my make-up, I am peculiarly suited to the rôle of seductress, prostitute, murderess, or any other foul character that some filthy minded writer may conceive."

"Precisely. You are the only young character actress in the business who has been elevated to a featured leading woman and, instead of getting down on your knees and thanking God, you want to be a sissie!"

"I'll take up character acting when I start using a crutch."

"But what of your public?"

"Well, what of it?" she rasped.

"Don't you understand that, because of

Frolicking at Borzage's "Big Top" party you see Gertrude and Jimmie Ellison, above. Right: Patricia Wilder, Wendy Barrie, Edgar (Arab) Kennedy, and Don Terry.

DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch

And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution — 2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—free from itch and nasty scalp odor.

At all U. S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 615 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

your elemental qualities, you have become a boon to the common people? You express yourself in a manner that is familiar to them. For years they've had grand ladies shoved down their throats and ladies are, God bless them, for the most part very boring. You are real."

"Go away."

"Gladly. But before I leave let me warn you that, though a lady may wear the skins of many animals, the leopard can never change its spots, even with the aid of dye."

"So what?"

"So it resolves itself to this, my sweet. A lady may play a toughie with distinction, but a toughie may not portray a lady."

"There you go, insinuating again!" she shrieked.

"Will you please stop using that infantile expression!"

"Then stop being so insulting. Damn you, anyway! Why do you always provoke me into making a horrid scene?"

"I don't. You gravitate to such scenes as naturally as dishwater trickles through a gutter."

"You get out of my house!"

"Now, don't lose your dignity," Phil began pedantically. "The first mark of a lady is poise and, remember, good manners, like charity, should begin at home." He switched suddenly to the personal. "If you feel so capable of portraying the gracious lady, why not start practicing on me?"

"Oh Phil, let's not fight any more."

"Now, that's better.'"

"If you only knew the horror I have of playing those parts, how it hurts and humiliates me, you wouldn't ask it."

"If I knew for sure just what your objections are to being a great artist," Phil said with a brief show of tenderness, "perhaps I could help you get rid of them."

"I'm so tired of doing the same thing all the time."

Phil was on the defensive again. "But you've never played two parts that were alike."

"They had one thing in common—they were all rotten!"

"They all had guts."

"That's why I despise them. They went to such great length to display their guts. Oh God, how sick I am of that word."

Griggs appeared at the door. "Mr. Baumberg."

"All right, Griggs," Marcia said.

Sol entered, full of business, affably washing his hands and smiling broadly. "Everything is settled? The contract is signed? Good."

"No, very bad," Marcia said.

Sol was stunned. "What!"

Marcia made a weary gesture. "Just a lot of smart cracks and insults, but no okra."

Sol shook his head sadly. "I'm sorry to hear that, Marcia—for your sake."

There was something in Sol's manner that engaged attention, especially Marcia's.

"Why the tears for me?" she asked.

Sol sat heavily. "Why should we discuss it—there ain't no contract."

"What is it?" Marcia demanded impatiently.

"You wouldn't be interested, anyway," Sol replied, elaborately careless.

"Sol! You aren't a mystery story writer, —can the suspense."

"Oh just a cable from London."

"London!"

"From Lawrence Stewart, the director."

"What!" she cried.

"He wanted you for the lead in a picture."

"He did!"

"Funny thing," Sol continued conversationally, "Anne Barrett is playing second lead. You remember her. I thought it would be nice for you two to be together

Rosemary Lane, above, enjoying a well-earned holiday in New York.

in the same picture. Really a swell idea."

"It would be—with her playing second lead."

"Well, it's too bad you can't go. But that's the breaks of the game. I'll send Parnell."

"Oh Sol, you won't send her?"

"I woulda sent you," Sol said, sadly sympathetic, "but there ain't no contract."

"There will be! Give it to me—I'll sign it."

Sol rose. "Well, I got plenty troubles of my own. I got to get back to the studio. You fix up the contract with Marcia." He turned to Marcia with grim warning. "If you go changing your mind again and give me more troubles, Parnell goes to London and you and I are through. Get what I mean?"

Sol started out, Marcia going to the door with him as she said sweetly, "I get what you mean, Sol, but don't worry. *I* am going to London, and I think you're just a precious old lamb pie."

Sol beamed on her. "Well, so long as I ain't pork." He reached over and patted her on the cheek. "'Bye, baby."

"'Bye, Sol."

As Sol left Marcia returned to Phil, radiant, "All right, Mister, bring out your old contract."

"Not so fast, young lady; you and I are going to have an understanding beforehand."

"Yes sir," she said meekly, "fire when ready, sir."

"From now on you'll play the parts assigned to you—and without question."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Phil softened. "And you'll promise to be a good girl?"

Marcia was inclined to be gracious. "I promise." She regarded him thoughtfully. "You know, Phil, I'm actually going to miss you."

"Oh no, you're not," he said with cheerful assurance."

"Oh, but I shall, darling; after all, I really do think a lot of you."

Phil grinned. "Put your heart at ease—I'm going along.'"

"What!"

"You don't think I'd let you go alone?"

"Oh God!" Marcia moaned. "I knew there'd be a catch in it. So you just can't bear the thought of our being separated?"

"I can't bear the thought of what an utter fool you'd be in London without me to guide you."

"I'd rather not go!"

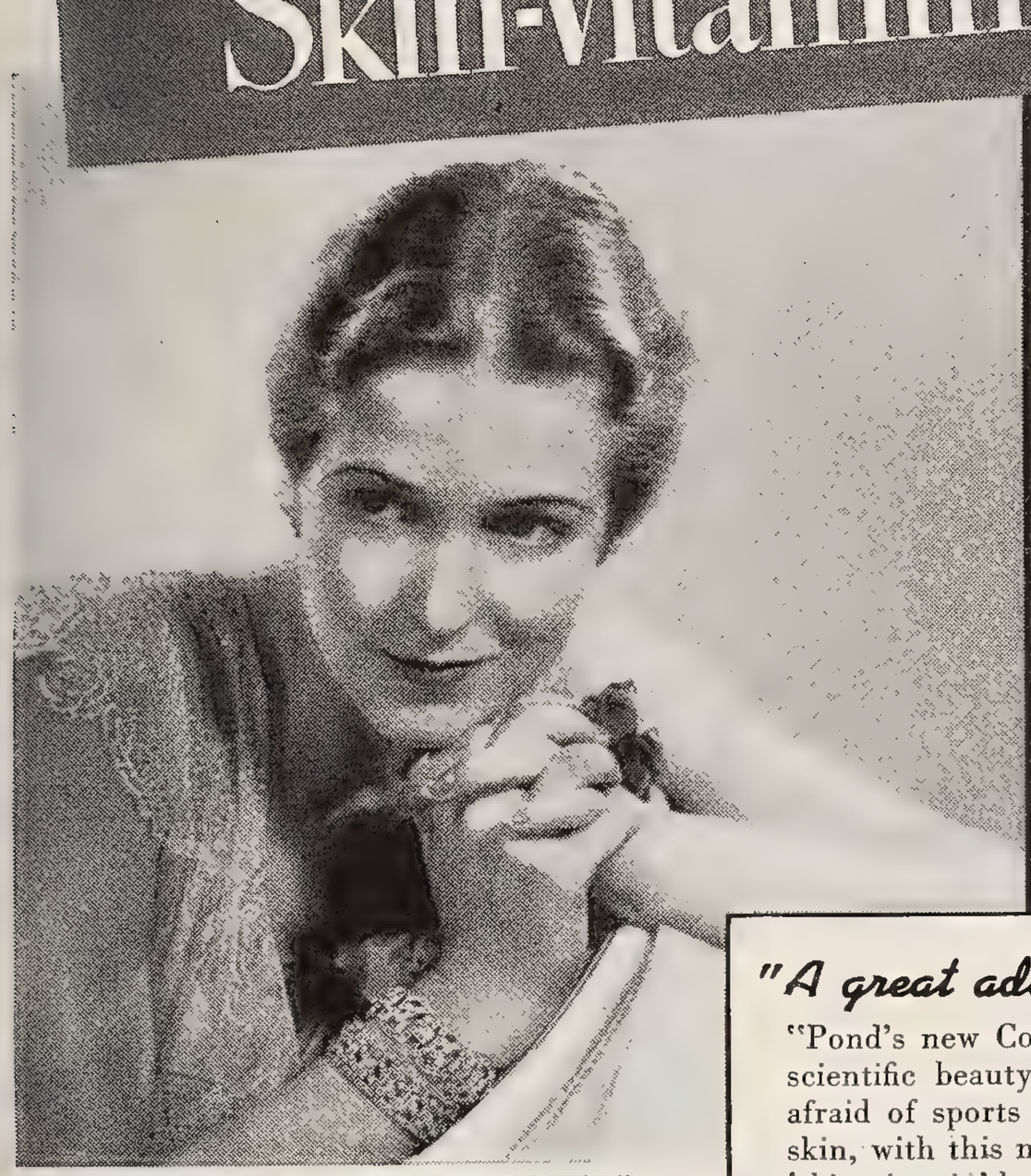
"Just as you say—Parnell—"

"Oh give me the damned contract and I'll sign it. I suppose I'll have to take *someone* along to act as baggage boy."

"I'll probably drown you before we get

It helps their Skin more directly!

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"



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A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! **TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 7S-CT, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

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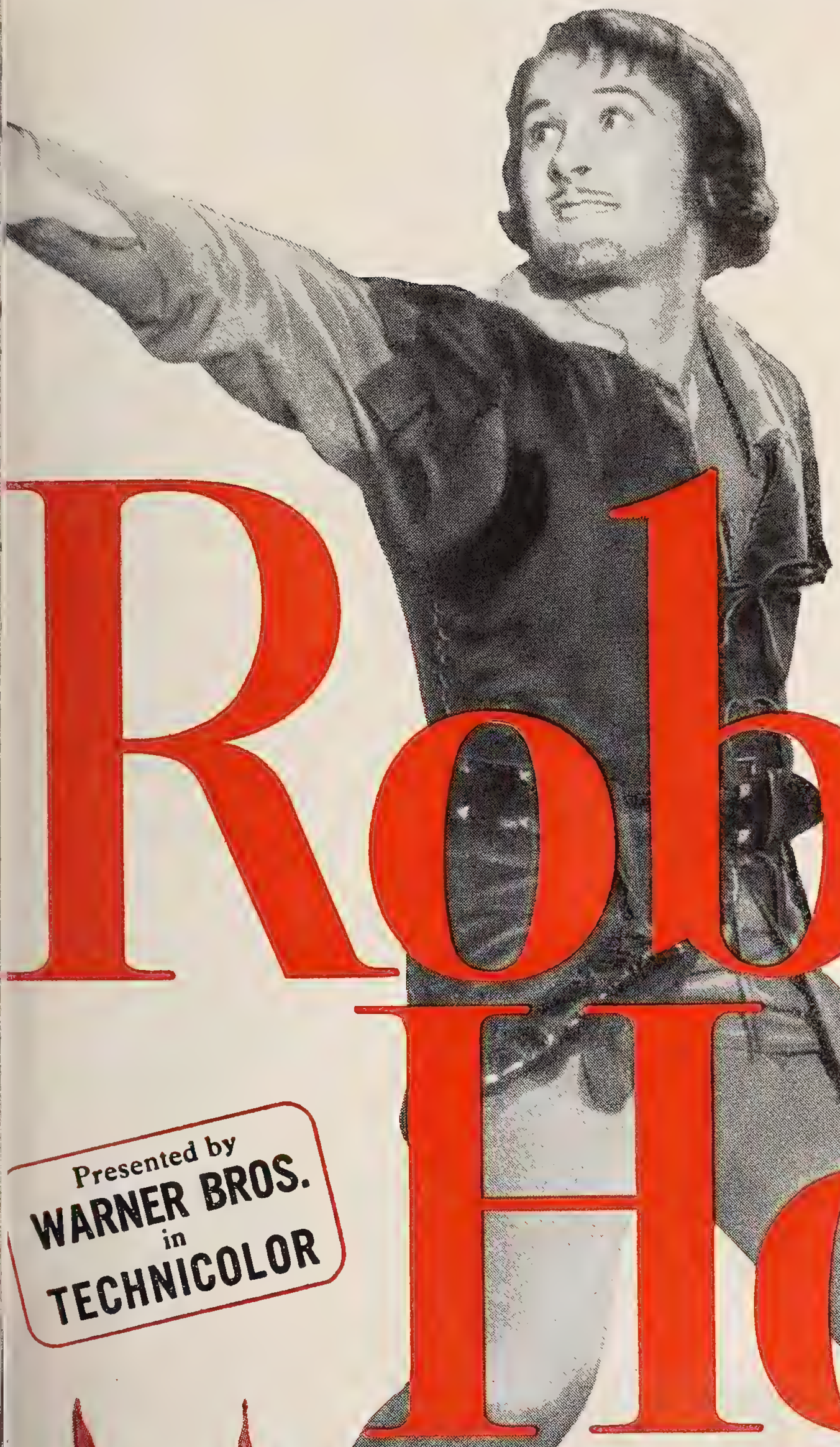
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!



Loving, roistering, battling . . . blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of Robin Hood

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Eleanor Fisher
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Glamour WITH Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

GLAMOUR!—elusive enchantment—did you know that "your eyes have *It*" more than any other feature? Don't let it slumber there—touch Maybelline Mascara to those neglected lashes with a few simple upward strokes of the dainty Maybelline brush. Deepen the mascara at the outer edges to make your eyes appear larger, farther apart, more expressive. Then see what long, dark, silky, luxuriant lashes you have. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

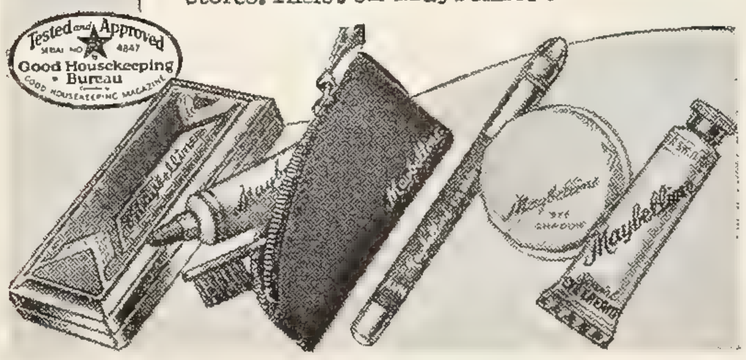
● Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. So be sure you accent them—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

● Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

● At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crowsfeet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.

● Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

● Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 75c. Refills . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!



across." Phil took out the contract and handed it to Marcia, with fountain pen. With the pen poised, Marcia smiled thoughtfully, Phil forgotten as she said, "I'll show that Anne Barrett." She started to sign, then paused with a frown, "I wonder what kind of part Stewart has for me."

. . . .

Lawrence Stewart's office in the London studios had an old world, feudal atmosphere, with its oak paneled woodwork, leaded windows, rich drapes, heavy hand carved furniture and thick rugs.

Stewart was an attractive Englishman, about thirty. Seated behind his desk he watched Phil in amusement as he paced back and forth, smoking furiously.

"I knew the little fool would do something like that. She's the most dependable hell raiser I know."

Stewart smiled. "She seems rather an unusual person."

"Wait!" Phil said, "Before she went to the boat I cautioned her about what she should say if any of the reporters were there for an interview. They were there, all right. I've steered Marcia clear of interviews as much as possible. She's poison. But there's something about a boat—when these actresses get on one there's no holding them. She went very English, doing particularly well with circumstances, secretary, extraordinary—you know the way you English emasculate certain words."

"I know," Stewart chuckled.

"But occasionally she forgot her broad a. She was like the midwest American girl who had returned from her first trip to London where she had dawnced and dawnced and dawnced until she just couldn't dance any longer."

"How extraordinarily amusing," Stewart said.

"Those press vultures thought so. They egged her on, and I was helpless without making a scene, and I don't think even that would have stopped her."

"I say! You *must* have suffered."

"God! I begged those mugs not to print that tripe, but they only gave me the finger wave."

"Finger wave?"

"They jolly well made fun of me—thumb to nose, fingers wigwagging."

Stewart laughed. "Oh, I see. And then?"

"After the gentlemen of the press had pumped her dry and retired I made one of my biggest mistakes—I should have thrown her off the boat."

"That might have caused a certain amount of confusion," Stewart said mildly.

"It would have been worth it," Phil said regretfully. "Well, she went to her cabin and was never seen again until we docked at Liverpool. I thanked God for that! But the fellow passengers thought she had pulled a Garbo—you know, being ultra exclusive. However, she had brought along a woman English instructor and was cramming fourteen hours a day of her diction." Phil sighed. "You saw the result."

"Quite!" Stewart agreed. "She was so stage-English that it was rather difficult for the native born Englishman to understand her. I almost made the horrible mistake of thinking she was clowning to amuse me."

"Oh, she'll give *you* a lot of laughs before you're through with her. Personally, I won't be able to see the humor of it."

"You know, Burns, there's rather a strange coincidence in all this, and it's really frightfully embarrassing. Have you read the script?"

"Yes. It's a swell story, and right down her alley. But she'll make one fine row when she reads it.

"She's reading it now."

"Then it won't be long," Phil warned. "Be prepared for the fireworks."

"You don't think she'll see the resemblance of the character to herself?"

"Not a chance. She'd resent it like hell if she thought anyone could even imagine her being like that."

"Are you quite serious?" Stewart asked.

"Oh quite."

"It's most extraordinary and very confusing. It's because of her type of person that the story was written. You don't mind my being a bit frank?"

"Shoot the works. I don't offend easily."

"That's sporting of you. Now, I'll tell you how the story happened to be written: From time to time a number of these snobbishly apologetic Americans have come to London in the manner of Miss Court. You know, lavishly praising England and its culture, and deprecating American manners. And to me the most offensive part of it all is that these strange persons seemed to think the English would like them better for this attitude. Of course," he said hastily, "we realize that they are in no way representative of the better class Americans."

Phil smiled good naturedly. "Apology accepted. Proceed.'"

"The whole thing annoyed me intensely," Stewart continued, "And at last I conceived the idea of writing a story portraying the American snob abroad in England."

"You did a fine job of it."

"All the credit isn't entirel- due to me. Anne Barrett helped me no end. She seemed to have such a clear conception of the character."

"She should," Phil commented drily. "She knows Marcia very well."

"Yes. It was she who suggested that we engage Miss Court to play that part of Sally Belle Jones, the gauche American girl mingling with London's smart set."

"While Anne portrayed the Lady Mary Warner. Ummm. This *is* going to be interesting."

Anne came in gaily. "May I join this weighty conference?" She advanced to Phil, her hands extended. "How are you, Phil?"

"Anne! It's good to see you again. We've missed you in Hollywood."

"And you don't know how I've missed Hollywood."

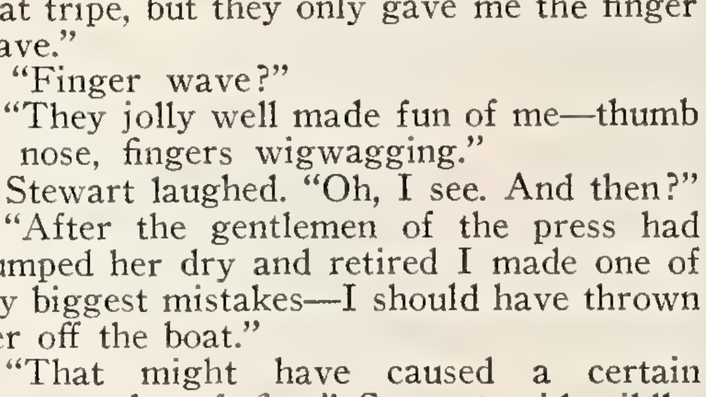
"But you wouldn't trade a nice, juicy London fog for our sterile sunshine, now would you?"

"There are moments when I'd give a lot for one of your bright days. But I'm really enjoying London tremendously right now."

"You've turned into a wicked woman, Anne Barrett."

"Sir!"

"I've read the script," Phil told her sternly, "and I understand it was your fine hand that twisted the knife with such telling effect. Aren't you a little ashamed of



Whispering, John King, and smiling, Patricia Wilder, at circus party.

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caricaturing your American friends in such a devastating fashion?"

"Don't lose your sense of humor, Phil. Remember that good old American expression—it's all in fun."

"Yeah! There'll be lots of fun for everyone but Phil. Oh well, I've yet to make a picture with her without a battle. However, before this I've always been on home ground."

"You'll be on home ground here, silly, and with plenty of reinforcements if you need them."

"That's sweet, Anne. You always were a grand person.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Burns."

"You haven't seen Marcia?"

"No, and I'm just a bit uneasy about the meeting."

"You may not recognize her. She's become veddy, veddy English."

"Oh Phil! Not really?"

"Quite."

"How delightfully amusing."

"No, Anne—tragic. You've no idea how that poor girl suffers from suppressed desires, frustrations, complexes and all that hogwash."

"Hogwash?" said Stewart.

"It's just a vulgar Americanism meaning bunk," Phil explained kindly.

Marcia entered the room, script in hand. There was a dangerous glint in her eyes which failed to harmonize with her sweet smile and gracious manner.

"May I come in? Oh, Anne Barrett! My deah, you cawn't imagine how extraw'n'ly delighted I am to see you. It's bean such a long time since we were together in Hollywood."

"It's nice to see you, Marcia. You're looking splendidly."

"It's coming to a civilized country. You know I feel rawthur a new purson after getting away from that dreadful Hollywood."

"And I miss it so," Anne said sweetly.

"Not reawlly! My deah! I'm afraid that's just an attitude."

"I'm not very much given to attitudes, Marcia."

Stewart intervened diplomatically, "Have you read the script, Miss Court?"

"Yes, I think it's corking," Marcia said as she dropped the scenario on the desk. "I understand you wrote it," she said prettily.

"With Miss Barrett's assistance," Stewart admitted modestly.

"Anne! How veddy, veddy clevah! I suppose you wrote the part of the Ameddican girl."

"I wrote the part of the American girl," Anne said quietly.

"Naturally you would—after your Hollywood associations."

"Naturally."

Letting that one pass, Marcia turned to Stewart, "I'm delighted with the part I'm to play."

Phil gave a violent start and looked at Marcia warily.

"Really?" Stewart said, pleased.

"And I shall be forever grateful to you for realizing that I should be suited to that type of rôle. In Hollywood I've always bean so horribly miscast."

"Oh my God!" Phil moaned with a weary sigh.

"Then you actually do like the part, Miss Court?" Stewart asked, with a triumphant glance at Phil.

"Oh I do indeed. You see I'm hawlf English on my father's side."

"What are you on your mother's side?" Phil put in.

"French!" Marcia snapped without looking at him. And then to Stewart. "Of course you understand there will have to be some re-write, and the part fattened up a bit. As it is now there is entirely too much of the Ameddican girl."

Stewart looked at her blankly. "What! I say, Miss Court, don't you realize the American girl is the star of the picture?"

"You cawn't be serious, Mr. Stewart," Marcia said coldly, "Lady Mary Warner is the leading rôle—the Ameddican girl is merely a character pawt."

Stewart was shocked. "Look here! You don't actually think you were engaged to play the part of Lady Mary Warner?"

"You cawn't mean that you brought me all the way to London to play the pawt of that common Ameddican girl?"

"But, my dear Miss Court," Stewart said weakly, "I—I—really, you were engaged to play that part."

(*To Be Continued*)

Bing himself

Continued from page 21

the front door, but that's how lies get out.

We lived in our bedroom and the playroom, even having dinner served in the latter. Once, on my way to the kitchen—(Oh, didn't you know I cook? Well, you're right—I don't) I opened the wrong door and found myself in a strange place that, from the looks of it, I judged to be the dining room. I had been wondering what we would do if we ever had more than four to dinner and right here, in my own home, was the answer to my problem.

I thought we might as well get used to the place so I told the houseboy we'd have dinner in there that night. When dinner was announced and I, in a new pair of hostess pajamas (yes, they were still wearing them then), grandly led the way into the dining room, my consort gravely inquired if I had gone Hollywood and was trying to put on swank! Yet *he* was the one who planned the house!

I've really been kidding about the new house. It's comfortable and it isn't pretentious—except to us. We didn't build it on account of that writer's crack but because as our family increased the old place was too small. Besides, the nursery was right next to our room and guests running in and out late at night disturbed the children. As long as we were going to build again Bing said we might as well put up a place large enough to take care of all eventualities. So far there has been one eventuality in the way of a baby but none at all in the way of new or additional cars. And the bar, much to the disgust of our guests, is even smaller than in the old place. Mr. Crosby says we're not running a night club.

Times have changed in these five years. Never one (since our marriage, at any rate) to go for night clubs in a big way, he preferred to have our friends come to our home. Many a night a gang of us have sat around a roaring fire while sounds of ribaldry—I mean "revelry"—and mirth rent the air.

Nowadays, it is practically impossible to get him to a night spot and, while he still thoroughly enjoys having our friends drop in, gossip is taboo. If any hapless mortal should make the mistake of "dishing" in our home, Bing lends a polite and attentive—oh, *very* attentive—ear—but the guest is not asked to play a return engagement.

I sincerely hope and trust this is a phase that will pass because while *he* gets out to the paddock, the golf club and the studio and, willy-nilly, hears everything that's going on, he tells me NOTHING. Were it not for the newspapers, which I detest having to read, I would not know who has been wed, divorced or even Who's Whose.

It is this phase of Bing that acquaintances and people who do not know him well comment upon. It isn't a change in

Bing—it's a reversion to type. At heart Bing is, always has been and always will be, a Main Street boy. He still has the quaint notion there are certain things that should not be discussed in mixed company and other things that should not be discussed in front of women. He tried for a while to adapt himself to the Hollywood viewpoint and to be hail-fellow-well-met. But there are things that stick in his craw—things he cannot inure himself to and, finally, he has decided there is no reason why he should try to.

He hasn't, like one of our illustrious stars, reached the stage where he's trying God but he has reached the stage where he sees no reason the conversation in our home should be different than it is in nice homes in Spokane or Keokuk.

In addition, and I know it is no pose with Bing, he really shrinks from the spotlight. Something churns inside him when we go out and people point at him or he is made conspicuous in any way. Naturally, most of our close friends are people in the same line of business as Bing but, unconsciously, he tries to avoid reaching the stage where his sole interest in life will be pictures and where he will be unable to discuss anything else. He is the most avid newspaper reader I know. He starts in the upper left hand corner of page one and not a word (including the want ads and personals) is skipped on his way to the last word in the lower right hand corner of the last page.

But newspaper reading is not enough. Bing yearns for open forums. The Bob Burns influence, probably. At any rate, he cultivates as many people outside the industry as possible. All he asks is that they have personality or intelligence. I suppose it might be called "keeping one's hand on the public pulse."

I mentioned something in my previous

Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby step out.

article about Bing's color blindness. At that time, being a poor benighted bride of two or three years standing, I had vague hopes of curing him—or educating him. While he still cannot differentiate between colors he has finally learned to distinguish the pastel shades. They all look gray to him and nothing so indeterminate as gray appeals to my spouse. He leans toward the cardinal colors and if I am not careful he is apt to appear at any time or any place in a little number of a conservative orange or purple hue with what he fondly believes are matching accessories. In reality, while the accessories will undoubtedly be conservative they will, like as not, be of a magenta, green, violet or strawberry tone. However, that's Bing and what can't be cured must be endured.

Never will I forget the time, right after he had finished making "Going Hollywood" when we were invited to the Hearst Ranch at San Simeon. It was our first appearance in high society and Bing was determined to spare no expense in making said appearance a success. I was ordered to get "some decent clothes." I did. Although I knew I would have no use for it at the ranch I had sense enough to realize a woman only runs into such an opportunity once in a lifetime so I got an ermine wrap, among other things. There was no sense having a lot of lovely clothes and nothing to wear over them when I got back.

But this story is about Bing. He let the moths out of his pocketbook and Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed as was Bing on that trip. Joseph, with his gorgeous coat, would have hid his face in envy could he have had a glimpse of the variegated tints in Bing's outfits.

When we were getting ready for our trip to Honolulu a year or so ago I broadly hinted we ought to have some new duds for the journey. "Oh, I'll pick up a few things," he remarked laconically.

A day or two later "the few things" were delivered, all compactly pressed into one small box. With fingers trembling and apprehensive, I tore off the wrappings. His shopping for a six weeks' trip had consisted of the purchase of six caps, all identical as to shape and material. The only difference was in the colors—red, green, purple, orange, blue and—as a sop to *Mrs. Grundy* and *Esquire*—one gray one!

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All of which brings us down to the momentous topic of RACE HORSES. Just as they say a wife is always the last to know of her husband's peccadilloes (you see, *I,* too, am broadening as a result of these open forums) *I* say a wife is always the last to know of her husband's mental aberrations.

I think the first I knew of what has since become the bugaboo of my life was when I heard a crack over the radio. I tossed it off as an "anything for a laugh" gesture. But quip has followed quip in mocking succession, almost as rapidly as horses have followed horses into his fast growing stable. And the laughs have grown apace. *Aunt Kitty* once won a race and, I believe, an animal named *Rocco.* We'll mercifully draw the blanket of darkness—if not forgetfulness—over the achievements of the rest of his thundering herd.

What he wanted with a horse in the first place only he and God will ever know. I sigh, sometimes, for the Bing of by-gone days—the Bing who would get ready to run if a horse came near him. I never realized the extent of Bing's courage until I saw a still from one of his shorts in which he nonchalantly waved his hat, the while he bestraddled a flea-bitten white nag. That seeming nonchalance almost brought on a nervous breakdown when he dismounted. But that was the Bing of another era. Today he proudly hoists his avoirdupois onto the saddle of the lead horse as he lights the way from stable to track for his darlings to have a workout.

Well, I ween the day is not far off when, instead of taking food from the mouths of his wife and children to feed those bangtails, it will be a question of his wife and children snatching food from the mouths of his gee-gees if we are to fend off starvation. If I venture to remonstrate I am met with a supercilious, "Tush, woman!" And there's Bing for you!

3 Smart Girls Tell How They Got That 2nd Date

Continued from page 55

"Here's something that's very important," Anne continued, curling up in her chair. "If he suggests a place of amusement, go there. Don't suggest some place else as he probably has planned the evening as his idea of a wonderful time—and again, this particular place may fit in best with his pocketbook. But if he leaves it up to you, have some place in mind and mention it immediately. He'll be so grateful and you'll avoid one of those awful sessions of 'you suggest where we go' and 'no. *you* do' that get you nowhere. He probably has left it up to you not knowing in just what direction your tastes lay, and when you suggest a definite place he'll feel you're sure to enjoy yourself."

Anne warmed to the subject as she chattered on. "Don't keep him waiting hours while you dress. That doesn't *seem* so terribly important, but it is. Remember, this is your first date with him. He enters your home a stranger. You are upstairs dressing; your mother or dad are probably trying to entertain him while he's waiting, and the strain is terrible—on him! Strange home, strange people—by the time you arrive he won't even notice how adorable you look; his eyes will be on the clock! And oh, yes, don't keep him up late. Just because you can sleep until noon next day doesn't mean that he can and when he's struggling through the following day, half-dead from lack of sleep, he won't be relishing another date with you."

"That's really grand advice, Anne," I thanked her.

"Oh, but there's one thing more," she continued. "It's another 'Don't.' *Don't* try to arouse jealousy in order to whet his interest. It's a pretty cheap trick. Jealousy is such an awful thing; it can destroy so much that is lovely in a relationship, that any girl who deliberately arouses it is just asking for trouble."

I'd say that Anne's advice is primarily: Show consideration and thoughtfulness toward a man and your second date worries are over.

In presenting the very beautiful Carole Lombard as the next adviser I don't think I need stress her popularity. Any girl who can call Clark Gable her best boy friend gets the popularity vote of a nation! You'd expect something a little startling from the vivacious, sophisticated Lombard, wouldn't you? Read on—and I promise you you won't be disappointed.

"Let him think there's an element of danger in dating you!" Carole shot at me. "Make him think he is being a little daring—taking somewhat of a risk in being out with you—and he'll be on your door-step the following night again! All men are little boys who love secrecy and adventure and dating a girl who is not supposed to date you, adds zest to the evening.

"You can tell him about that silly Bill Zilch who has the idea he owns you and who just dares anybody else to take you out; or about your family's decided preference for Jack Brown—and their insistence that you date only him—and how *you* hate it! Romance thrives on competition and obstacles, so hint at a little of each on that first date and just watch your man come back for more!

"And of course the perfectly priceless line (priceless because it's so very old and so very good!), it to tell him he's the only man you've met who really understands you. And ask his advice on everything under the sun. Marvel at his powers of perception, at his ability to understand your thoughts and feelings. The opportunity to be an oracle, a sort of fount of wisdom, will prove too much of a temptation for him to resist, and he'll feel he must see you often to give you more of his sage advice!"

Carole threw me a mischievous glance. "If you discover you two have a lot in common, dwell on those common interests for they will make a bond of companionship. But don't worry if your interests seem as far apart as the poles. You have the most important thing in common—you're

Connie Moore, Universal starlet, in her chic straw hat (or hatlet?).

both interested in *him*, and that topic is good all evening!" Carole ended with a laugh.

So there you are—three sets of advice from three beautiful and popular young stars—Alice, Anne, and Carole. I purposely chose these three because each represents a separate and distinct set in Hollywood's social circle. Anne Shirley is a part of the younger picture crowd—most of them about college age—and all of them interested in boating, fishing, intimate little home parties and beach gatherings. While Alice Faye and her crowd adore dancing and exploring new night clubs; attending first night openings in a group. The luscious Lombard at one time would have been best classed as a member of the set now typified by Alice, but that was B.G. (Before Gable). Now Carole is seen less frequently at the night spots.

Hollywood Barometer

Continued from page 23

which this modern trend makes possible.

Carole Lombard once told me, "The feminine leads in many of the light, airy pictures so popular today are startlingly different from the characters we played in pictures a few years ago. I believe audiences love them for the very reason that they show a new companionship between the sexes—a thing we women in Hollywood have known for some time.

"It's made possible because in Hollywood women are independent, financially and mentally, and any man is swept off his feet by a woman who is his equal and who knows how to maintain her individuality. Provided, of course, that she retains her femininity too!"

The gay, charming friendships between stars like Carole herself and Clark Gable, or between Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, are cases in point. And if love follows friendship, it comes naturally and has a meaning all the deeper because of being based on companionship and mutual respect.

Want to know how you're going to entertain several months from now, according to the Hollywood barometer? Just a few years ago, the movie colony led the way toward greater informality in social affairs. Buffet suppers became a standard form of hospitality from coast to coast, after Hollywood hostesses paved the way. Now, when the country is following Hollywood's lead in the matter of "idea" parties and "costume" parties, Hollywood itself has moved on to strictly formal small dinners at home, or in private rooms of smart restaurants.

Small and rather expensive eating houses are the order if you dine out; correctly served dinners for eight or a dozen are the rule if you entertain at home. Conversation runs all the way from art to politics to horse-racing, and conversation is the only form of entertainment offered.

"In other words," Bette Davis interpreted the barometer, "heralding a period of true enjoyment of good living—appreciation of our homes, our cherished belongings, and of our friends for the wit and stimulation they offer us."

Eddie Brandstatter, popular Hollywood restaurateur, seconds the prediction with the news that your favorite stars are enjoying good food with the knowledge of connoisseurs. "People are ordering *crepes suzette* again—and *sauce diable*—breast of pheasant with bread sauce—baked Alaska—even breast of guinea hen under glass. Despite the rigorous dieting of many stars, elaborate menus are fashionable once more."

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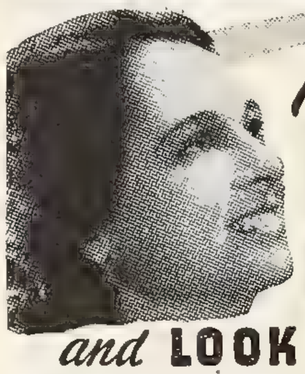
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During the years of adolescence, from 13 to 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes upset your system.
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Fortunately, there is a way to help keep these skin-irritating poisons out of your blood. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, *living* plants in each cake of this fresh food help to remove the wastes the natural way and clear the skin of pimples. Thousands of young people get results in 30 days or less. Act now. Get Fleischmann's Yeast and eat it faithfully. See how your skin clears up.

For Fun and Sun

Continued from page 65

before your face so that only one eye shows.' He did it at once, and I think the result is cute.

"He isn't the least difficult. If he's playing and I come along with the Rolleiflex and say: 'Do this' or 'Do that,' he falls into the mood on the instant. Sometimes he suggests shots. Oh, he's most co-operative. A bit on the Barrymore side, if anything. You never have to track him down and shoot from the shrubbery when he isn't noticing. Maybe at times a trifle posey—but that's Normie!

"At home, when Dick and I come in from work, he's always nicely dressed; afterwards, he says: 'Excuse me!' and runs upstairs and puts on a fireman's suit and comes down to show us and to act like a fireman. Then he changes into a policeman's outfit, and after that, it's a Tyrolean suit someone gave him. He always adopts a character to fit the costume, so no doubt he'll end up as an actor. We never encouraged him on this, but he took to it naturally.

"The other week, Dick and I invited him to go to see some real firemen, and one of them let him slide down the pole from the upper floor. Normie was thrilled. He said he wasn't afraid, and he really wasn't, but my heart came and stood in my throat so I couldn't speak. Dick knew how I felt, but he just squeezed my hand and said: 'He's all right. I'm right here. I'd catch him if anything happened.' And of course I know I mustn't make a coward of the boy.

"Normie imitates his Daddy all the time. Often he poses as he thinks his Daddy looks. He'll come racing down to me and say: 'Think I need a shave?' feeling his cheek the way Dick does. Dick got him a rubber razor so he can shave with Daddy every day."

Getting back to the camera, Joan remarked that there's an advantage in having a real artist in the family because Dick often sets her camera correctly and tells her exactly what to do.

"But then I get so excited I forget what he said," she giggled. "Even when I go against his instructions, the results are often so good I can't help wondering what rules are for. I'd like to take more pictures of Dick, but he always feels that it would be better if he could hold the camera and I could pose; he's sure I'll do something wrong!

"Last night, he took a shot of me sitting in bed, with the lamp the only light on me, and the result was really lovely. One of these days I'll do something like that. But I like to shoot fast. I have no patience with all the fooling around, setting little gadgets and measuring and staring scientifically at the light. I like to just go click and it's over!"

She likes the swift action shots, and is especially proud of several pictures of this sort she took of the Rose Bowl football contestants who visited the lot.

"If you think SCREENLAND's readers would be interested in rules, I'd say: Don't put your thumb over the lens while taking the picture; I've tried it and it won't work. If you are nervous or excited, get into the habit of resting the camera on something. And see that the lens is clean.

"But when people say to you: 'You can't do that!' and you don't see why not, go ahead and try it and find out who's right. You might discover something new. But don't get too cocky about it, or the man who told you you couldn't may be disappointed. If he thinks it's just because you're a lucky little somebody, it'll be all right."

Acme

Claudette Colbert in holiday mood, on the trip her diary describes.

Claudette Colbert's Vacation Diary

Continued from page 27

themselves a private instructor. So I too tried fenagling (the kindergarten was just too much for my pride and me the self-conscious type besides), and now the Kents and the Pressmans are the only people at San Anton with a private instructor. The Duke of Kent is very nice and as crazy about skiing as the rest of us. He looks much more like King George than he does like Windsor, but when he is buried in the snow with his mittened hands and ski-shod feet sticking up in the air, he looks like no one so much as Claudette Colbert.

Davos Dorf, Austria

We arrived here last week and if anything Davos Dorf is even more breath-takingly beautiful than San Anton. To get to Davos Dorf from San Anton one must change trains six times in a seven-hour run, which I claim is some kind of a record. Three of the ducky little trains only had Third Class cars, which means wooden benches and no heat—but it was a lot of fun though I can't remember when I've been so uncomfortable. And the bruises on my—(Deletion: Miss Colbert tells where it hurts)—didn't help matters any, either. If anyone ever asked me to ride in a cold train on wooden benches in America I would probably squawk my head off—but here in the Tyrol it is all part of the fun.

My skiing is coming along very nicely. I can do the "Kandabar" three times in one day. The "Kandabar" is one of the toughest racing slopes in Europe, and makes Dollar Mountain at Sun Valley look like even less than a penny. I'm most impressed by my skiing prowess—whether anyone else is or not—and expect to boast about it for the next twenty years. In fact, I keep patting myself on the back practically all day—high up on the back, the rest is black and blue and better left alone!

Around here fractures are as common as toothache. Half of the American girls' team have broken legs or sprained ankles or displaced knees, but no one seems to mind very much. It's all very jolly. The doctor puts them in a cast in the morning and that night they come hobbling in to dinner with a cane. Three days ago a girl fell down a sheer cliff, about sixty yards, and

split her forehead open. The doctor had to take seven stitches. As we Tyroleans say "Ski-Heil." Only they pronounce it shee-heil—and so help me everytime someone yells it at me I always think they're calling me names.

St. Anton, Austria

The crowd we've run into here at St. Anton is perfectly swell. I have an idea that here is where we will stay for the rest of my vacation. Corty Hill's two brothers, Jerome and Louis, are here, and Louis' wife Dorothy, who is a peach. Also Schiaparelli's daughter Gogo—seventeen and very cute. And the Ronald Balcoms. She was Millicent Rogers of New York. They are absolutely delightful—crazy about skiing and very unaffected—don't dress at night, don't stay up late. In other words, just the Colbert type. Millicent has given me a toy dachshund which is the most adorable thing I have ever seen. I'm scared to death to break the news to mother (she said when I was leaving "whatever you bring home from Europe, Claudette, no dogs. Smoky is enough"). His name is Hannsi and he would be worth a fortune in America. The small good ones are impossible to find. He is so affectionate—just like a little seal. Or maybe seals aren't affectionate—Oh, well, a little seal in the mating season. Anyway, I'll get hell when I come home, but I'm sure mother will learn to love it later.

Millicent has built a real Tyrolean peasant chalet in San Anton and decorated it herself with old Biedermeier furniture which she picked up in Vienna. It's too beautiful. Old porcelain stoves in each room, as high as the ceiling. They give out amazing warmth besides being works of art. She has flowered needlework carpets which she makes with her own hands, and chairs carved and painted by the Austrian peasants. I almost turned green with envy when I saw her home, and maybe if I can get someone to buy the Colbert manor in Holmby Hills I'll build a Tyrolean chalet and wear dirndls and ski for the rest of my life—maybe.

I am most fortunate in having a careful ski instructor who will not permit me to take chances. For it is really fantastic how many accidents happen here. So far—and I am knocking on wood—I have suffered nothing worse than a pulled ligament and a charley horse in my thigh. Of course if I had a pulled ligament and a charley horse at home I would certainly make the most of them; but here they sound so sissy compared with the broken legs and cracked skulls of the others that I didn't mention them to anyone but Jack. We have reservations at St. Moritz later in the month but everyone here tells me that St. Moritz goes in mostly for night life, and night life after a day of skiing is not for the likes of me.

Yesterday Jack and I skied from St. Anton to the little village of St. Christoph. It was divine. I only fell once—and only because I decided to enjoy the view while I was going down a steep hill. Evidently you're supposed to let the scenery take care of itself and keep your eye on the ball. Oh, well—I'll learn!

Hotel Plaza Athenee, Paris

Paris at last! And Paris in the spring! It's simply heavenly with its intoxicating breeze, the trees bursting with little green leaves along the boulevards, the fragrant aroma of roasting chestnuts on the Champs Elysees, the merry clatter of sidewalk cafés, and the flowers—nowhere, not even in California, have I seen flowers so brash, so bright, so beautiful as they are in the flower markets near the Madeleine. Though I must say the salons of Molyneux, Patou, and Schiaparelli offer them close competition! Paris is so wonderful, and I am having such fun, and it is so grand to be

Not much of an artist but

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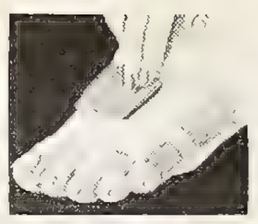

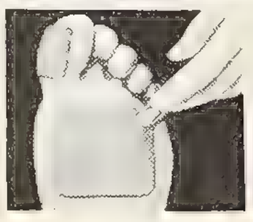

Dr. Scholl's **KUROTEX** **FOOT PLASTER**

young and light-hearted that I have no time to sit down and write about it. Sit down—why, I haven't had a chance to sit down since we left St. Moritz, and I wasn't supposed to sit down then but my ski strap slipped. When we are at the hotel the phone rings constantly: everyone is so cordial, everyone is so eager to have me get every possible thrill out of the city of my birth.

Yesterday we lunched with Phyllis Bottome at the Crillon and she was kind enough to say that I hadn't let her down too much with my interpretation of the woman doctor in her "Private Worlds." Then we had tea with Director Renoir, son of the famous painter, at the Ritz where fashionable Paris still gathers after all these years. Back at the hotel, a fast jump into evening clothes, and we were off with the Fernand Gravets—who are returning to Hollywood next week—for dinner at the Meurice which boasts of having the most marvellous chef in Europe. They have! With them we went on a good old-fashioned touristsy bender—the Casino de Paris (Mistinguette is still kicking those shapely legs), Maxims, Bricktops, onion soup at Les Halles, and sunrise with scrambled eggs and horrible coffee at Montmartre. Quite a jag for me. But what fun.

Our first day in Paris we went to the races at Auteuil and I must say that French horses are no kinder to me than the Santa Anita variety. Jack said that the horses I bet on had never seen an American movie star before so when they passed my box they would stop and take a good look, to see whether or not I lived up to my publicity, and of course would lose the race! The second day we did the Louvre in the morning, lunch at Rumpelmayers on the Rue de Rivoli, and in the afternoon drove out to Versailles where Marie Antoinette made her famous crack about cake which didn't seem to amuse my ancestors—all of which put me in mind of having lovely frosted cake for tea at the Trianon Palace. All right, so I ate cake, Marie Antoinette. And liked it.

We'll only be here until Friday (we mustn't forget the Eiffel Tower) and then we are renting a car and driving through Brittany and northern France. Then back to Paris, and this time I expect to go on a clothes-buying bender. The first time I have ever been in Paris with money enough to enter one of the famous couturiers. That, I may say, is quite a thrill. Paris, I do believe, is the grandest part of a grand vacation.

Inside The Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

"I keep the jars filled with nasturtiums, because they seem to belong to this room—not the orange and henna kind, but these red ones, and now and then yellow ones."

The American note, Margaret pointed out, was provided by the radio, the victrola, the guitar, and a corner of the room piled high with her sculpturing efforts—modeling clay, finished heads, rough attempts, sketches, bowls and cloths.

One of the chief charms of Margaret's room is the view from her big window at night. Hung over the city, she can watch the lights. "Like rubies, diamonds and emeralds, and even a few sapphires," she said, proudly. "I wouldn't live anywhere I couldn't have this view!"

Back to food: "When I was in England, I adored their food. I liked their deep-dish pies, made with whole fruit and covered with a thick crust. I liked roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, steak and kidney pie, all the famous dishes. Curry was my specialty. Oh yes, and English trifle. I've never made any but I can tell you how it's done.

"You take lady fingers—or day-old cake without icing—and line a bowl or pudding dish. Then you make a custard and pour a little on the cake, put in several spoonfuls of whole strawberry preserves, then more custard. You can use raspberry, or rich plum jam. Oh yes, I forgot: you flavor the custard with a little sherry or fine brandy."

As to curry, Margaret assured me that in England they serve the curried beef, mutton or chicken with tiny dishes of cocoanut, raisins, chutney and spiced nuts around the plate, but over here it's usually like this:

CURRIED CHICKEN

Cook 1 tablespoon butter with 1 slice onion, ¼ apple, sliced, 1 tablespoon Baker's grated cocoanut or minced almonds, a little salt, paprika and 1 teaspoon curry powder dissolved in water. When required cook 1 tablespoon butter with 1 teaspoon flour, add ½ cup chicken stock or gravy and 1 cup diced chicken mixed with ½ cup cream. (You can use Richardson and Robbins Canned Chicken to advantage for this.) Add the curry mixture and serve in ramekins.

London

Continued from page 61

"Hitch" is working now, is a mystery story called "The Wheel Spins." Leading lady is Margaret Lockwood, the gay brunette ingénue you saw with George Arliss in "Dr. Syn." The star is Hitchcock's new discovery, a good-looking young stage actor named Michael Redgrave, who has never acted in a film studio before. He comes from the little Liverpool Repertory Theatre where Robert Donat and Diana Wynyard and Elizabeth Allan and many another now famous got their dramatic training. He's tall and virile with a rich deep voice, has an actress wife and a baby, and lives in an ancient windmill in the Essex countryside.

Highlight party of the month was given by Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester at a famous Park Lane restaurant. The Laughtons don't often step out, being domestic folk who prefer books by their own fireside and a tray of coffee after dark. But this supper-party was a unique event since it followed the midnight gala premiere of their film "Vessel of Wrath" and after all they are financial partners in it, along with their producer Erich Pommer, as well as the stars.

Their Mayflower Pictures, Inc., is going to be a busy concern this year, for Charles has already prepared the two next scenarios and will act in both films himself. One is "The Listener" and the other a smuggling story "Jamaica Inn" which will be shot on the rugged sea coast of Cornwall in a picturesque old fishing village.

So this party was thrown in tremendous style and Charles appeared in straight white tie and tails. It's really surprising how much younger and more dignified he looks "in my natural" as he describes it. Elsa was a radiant hostess in a green crinkled crepe gown with silver circles embroidered on the front and her vivid red hair done all round her face in curls. Vivien Leigh was

In Hollywood! Merle Oberon returns from London to star in films here.

among the forty guests, wrapped in a dramatic black velvet cloak.

Even Robert Donat appeared at the Laughton party, characteristic of the change which recent events have wrought in our handsome star. Three years ago he refused all evening invitations, choosing to stay home with his red-haired Scots wife Ella and their three children, listening to the radio or orchestral gramophone records—music is his greatest passion. Just as he would turn down a film part unless the character particularly appealed to him and decline a Hollywood contract in order to act on the stage of some unknown little theatre for a mere song a week because they were presenting an unusual super-intellectual play which happened to catch his fancy.

But since those top-of-the-wave days asthma has dogged the chestnut-headed actor and the sole film he was able to finish, "Knight Without Armor," was only possible through Marlene Dietrich's patience and help. This past eighteen months Robert has poured out his savings on doctors and clinics and mountain sanatoria and been forced to drop out of several Korda films because illness attacked him as he started work. Now he is pronounced cured at last, looking older and thinner than the dashing hero of "The Ghost Goes West" and seemingly wiser too, for he certainly realizes he has a lot of lost ground to recover in attempting his come-back after this long absence from the screen. He's no longer temperamental about parties and publicity and visitors on the set, a much more charming Robert Donat in my opinion.

M-G-M's second British picture "The Citadel" is affording Robert his second chance of fame. He plays *Dr. Andrew Manson,* the idealistic surgeon whose career and marriage end so tragically, and he is putting everything he knows into his part under King Vidor's skilled direction. Let's hope Robert will be able to finish it this time for if illness should claim him again I'm afraid our romantic actor will never shine on the screen in future and he's too gallantly handsome and too accomplished an artist for films to lose. •

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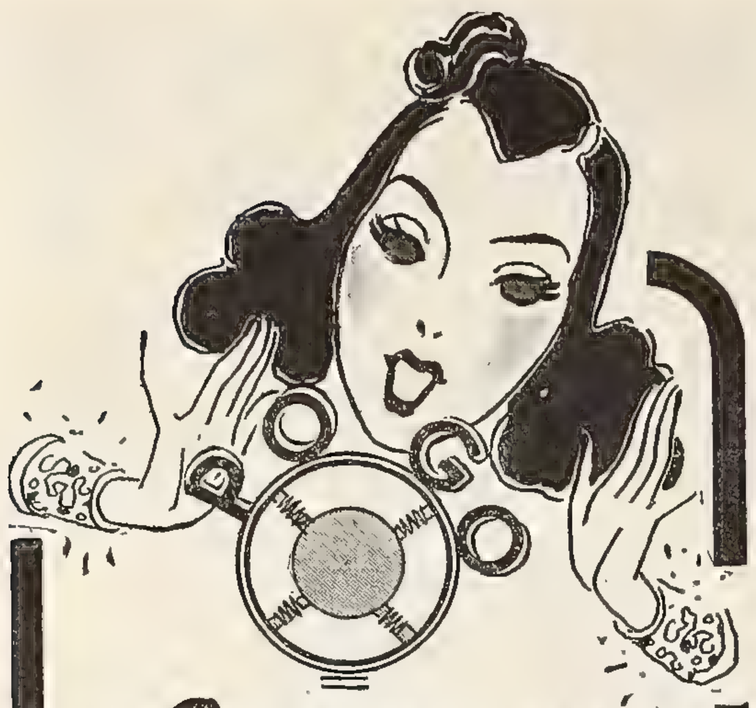

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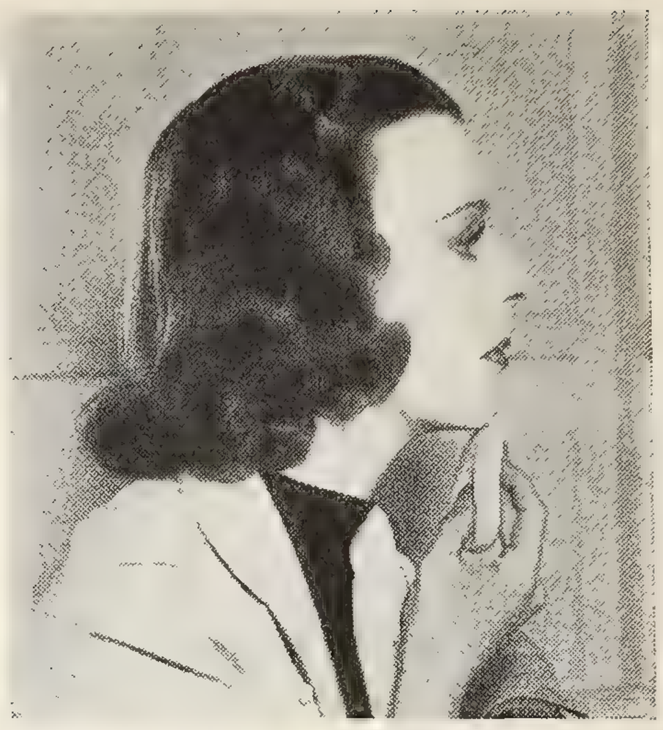

Margaret Sullavan, long absent from films, dons camera make-up again.

How Stars Face The Facts of Flops

Continued from page 33

ing the forgotten man, so he very wisely shook hands with the Warner Brothers and signed a new contract. When "Boy Meets Girl" is released Jimmy will be right back up there with the Big Ten where he belongs.

After the preview of "Adventure in Manhattan" Jean Arthur decided that the time had come for her and Columbia to face the facts about her future pictures. Either she got better pictures or else—But Columbia wasn't in a very fact-facing mood, so it was "else." Jean got mad and went on a sit-down strike. Neither she nor Columbia would give an inch. Jean, a most capable and popular actress, was off the screen for nearly a year. But recently, somebody must have conceded a point, for Jean is now completely out of her pout and has returned to her studio like a prodigal daughter to finish out her contract. And the Fatted Calf that Columbia has prepared for her is really something magnificent: not only the lead in Frank Capra's super-super "You Can't Take It With You," but the part of the girl in "Golden Boy."

When Warner Baxter saw himself all done up as a white hunter in "The White Hunter," a little Twentieth Century-Fox number of 1936, he didn't rant and rage, but neither did he laugh it off. He reacted in the "hard way." He automatically took himself off of salary until Twentieth had a script ready for him that he liked—no more jungles, thank you. For six months Warner failed to get his weekly stipend, and then, just when the taxes were due, he managed to find a picture to his liking.

Fred Astaire prefers to toss it off with a laugh. When he read the trade paper reviews of "The Damsel in Distress" (the first picture he did without his team-mate Ginger Rogers) he sent Ginger a wire which read: "Ouch." You can be sure that he won't try any more pictures without Ginger any time soon. Another laugher-offer is Clark Gable. Yes indeed, one of the biggest stars in the business, but Clark had a flop coming to him too. "Parnell" (or as one half-baked wit put it "Pawsmells") was generally conceded a *colossal* "flop," and Gable has been trying to live it down ever since, but his friends won't let him forget. Fortunately, he has a sense of humor. The "Test Pilot" company gave him a birthday party on the set not long ago and everything was progressing beautifully when suddenly with a blare of trumpets two extras appeared dressed as *Parnell* and *Lady Kitty O'Shea* and presented Gable with a crown made of a walnut shell. Whenever Carole Lombard, the girl friend, thinks that Clark is getting cocky about anything she always says, "Whatever became of *Parnell?*" And Spencer Tracy, Clark's pal, never misses a chance to shout, "Clap hands, here comes *Parnell,*" when Gable shows up on the "Test Pilot" set.

Myrna Loy wasn't very pleased about "Parnell" either. Myrna, the cool, collected type, was never one to get mad and fly at loose ends all over the place. After reading the reviews of "Parnell" (especially the one that said Myrna was "oh beautiful, oh sweet, oh divine, but not O'Shea") she simply said "No" politely but firmly to a whole slue of scripts submitted to her by Metro. She finally agreed on "Test Pilot" after it had been re-written several times. Myrna's close friends say that after the "Parnell" preview Myrna dug in her garden, but vigorously, for several days.

Joan Crawford got the best laugh out of "Parnell"—but not the last. Joan, scheduled to do "Parnell" for months, decided at the last minute that it would not be a good picture and walked out of the cast. But, unfortunately, she walked right into "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"—which was also a "flop." After a bad picture Joan usually gives a party.

When Franchot Tone has a bad picture, and he certainly had one in "Love is a Headache," he always mutters "November 25th." On November 25th next, Franchot will have completed his Metro contract, and is free to return to the New York stage.

When Merle Oberon, imported by Darryl Zanuck to play the very exotic lead in "Folies Bergere," found that she had a flop on her hands she washed her face, lowered her hairline, put on tweeds, and immediately signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn to play the English girl in "Dark Angel." So successful was she after she "changed her type" that Merle has given up being exotic entirely.

Irene Dunne couldn't help but being a little hurt and chagrinned, though I must say she took it very well, when she suddenly found herself faced with the biggest flop of last summer—Mamoulian's "High, Wide and Handsome." When somebody asked Winchell how much "High, Wide and Handsome" cost he cracked, "One Mamoulian nine hundred thousand dollars." I suppose that "High, Wide and Tiresome" as they nicknamed it, has been the most kidded picture in Hollywood. You can well surmise that it didn't make Irene Dunne, who takes her work very seriously, any too happy. "Give me a comedy—quick," said Irene. So Columbia obliged with "The Awful Truth" and so funny and charming was it that Irene's fans immediately forgot the laying of the pipe lines. Rouben Mamoulian, the director, didn't get out of the mess quite so easily, however. No studio seems at all anxious to give Mr. Mamoulian another colossal picture to direct.

When Marlene Dietrich learned she had a flop in "Angel" and that Paramount wanted to drop her from the contract list (which has since been done), Marlene promptly changed her personality. Formerly a rather retiring person who rushed off to Europe as soon as her pictures were in the can, Marlene began to dance the Big Apple all over Hollywood. Any night, in almost any night club, you can see Marlene swinging into the Suzy Q. When our best introvert becomes an extrovert I think we've got the answer to how the stars face the facts of flops. Or we've got something anyway.

Return of the Naughty Native

Continued from page 34

me on that. Anyway, I got a series of screen tests—and a contract."

Thus the legend of the "new Norwegian stage star" that grew up about Sigrid Gurie when Goldwyn signed her in the Fall of 1936, and gave her orders to remain in the background of Hollywood life and studio activity until the following Summer, when she donned Oriental make-up to play the *Princess Kukuchin* in "Marco Polo."

It was as easy as all that for Sigrid Gurie to start at the top. And the revelation later, that she was born in Brooklyn and had never before acted on stage or screen, made it all seem ridiculously simple. But before you carry too far the reasoning that it's a cinch to be a cinema celebrity, just remember that Sigrid Gurie made good—after she got her chance. So too did other "undated," new-style stars and starlets like Freddie Bartholomew, Olivia de Havilland, Lana Turner, Jon Hall, Tommy Kelly, Arlene Whelan (manicurist on the Fox lot who went into a film début as leading lady in "Kidnapped"), and the rest.

Far more interesting and exciting, we think, than the details of how Sigrid Gurie "crashed Hollywood," is the fact that a girl who had only a few months of dramatic coaching could essay the important part assigned her with any assurance at all, much less a grace and competence born of confidence in herself. How did she manage it?

"Oh, I was sure I could do it, and I wasn't nervous. I have known since I was six years old that acting in pictures was the only thing I wanted to do. And as to your question of what I thought about myself when I saw 'me' on the screen for the first time! I thought I was pretty good, not bad at any rate!"

Now I ask you, how can you help liking as well as admiring a person so frankly free of all that coyness which is often palmed off as heart-warming modesty—or haven't you heard, as we have, so many actors demurely declaring that they were positively flattened by the frights when they first saw themselves on the screen?

At that, it was only a stroke of Goldwyn luck that prevented Sigrid Gurie being revealed to the public via the screen prior to the release of "Marco Polo." It was a very small part, "shorter than the screen tests I made," Miss Gurie assures,

Lucille Ball wears a lacquered straw adorned with cherries, above.

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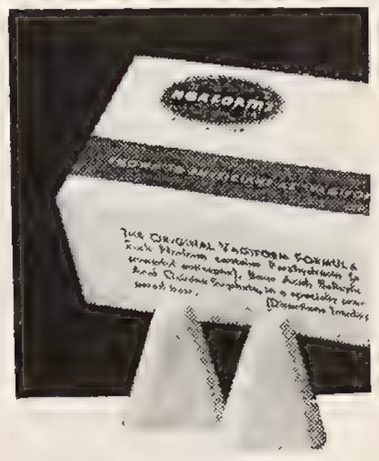

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but a part nevertheless. How it happened goes something like this:

After Goldwyn signed Gurie, the screen tests she made for him were shown to other producers by Goldwyn himself. There were several offers to put her in this picture and that, and finally Goldwyn agreed to lend his new find to Universal for the James Whale production of "The Road Back." However, it was strictly a part of the arrangement that she would work under a different name. Thus, one Hedvig Ibsen, a slight, brown-haired, sky-blue-eyed girl did the part of *Marie* in a brief sequence in the film version of Erich Maria Remarque's novel of Germany after the war. The scene was a brief flash in which *Adolf Bethke,* played by Henry Hunter, returns to find that his wife *Marie* is the subject of gossip because of her romance with another man during *Adolf's* absence. Immediately he had made the loan-out of his new actress, Goldwyn regretted the move and, had it been possible, would have recalled his newcomer from Norway to complete seclusion until the filming of "Marco Polo." Luck stepped in for Goldwyn when the producers, acting as censors of their own creations in celluloid, decided to delete the sequence and avoid possible hue and cry over a scene in which a soldier separated for more than a year from his young wife returns to find that she is soon to become a mother. So, onto the cutting room floor went the brief scene acted by Hedvig Ibsen, née Sigrid Gurie, in "The Road Back," and Mr. Goldwyn enjoyed the complete fruits of his shrewd showmanship by offering Sigrid Gurie for the first time to any public in his "Marco Polo."

"I have told you I was not unduly nervous acting the rôle of *Princess Kukuchin,*" continued Miss Gurie. "But I must in fairness add that it was a great help to have one so considerate, so pleasant and helpful to work with as Gary Cooper. He was not the least bit like I had been given to understand a star actor is when you play with him in a picture." Just what she had been given to understand an actor is like when you work with him in a picture, she didn't say—but we can imagine.

At this writing there is no final conclusion as to whether a favorable, unfavorable or indifferent attitude by the public generally will result from the so-called "great deception." Up to now, the American public has given the Brooklyn-born Norwegian beauty a cheer. Natural enough. It is certainly no part of unpleasant to discover that a lady of such vital charm, capability and inspiring determination to make come true the most understandable dream of being a Hollywood star, is one born on the home lots of the U.S.A.

And, as a matter of fact, how much "deception" was there? After all, a girl looking for a job as an office assistant or a movie actress has small chance of getting even an interview without a claim upon some "experience" in the job sought. So the office assistant says she's had "experience," and the candidate for a movie acting contract, if she's smart, says she's had "experience."

Further than that one remark, Sigrid Gurie claims, there was no effort on her part to add color to her own past. She says nobody was more surprised than herself that there would be a hot news angle to the fact that she was born in Brooklyn.

She *was* born there, of Norwegian parents; who took her and her twin brother to visit her grandmother in Oslo when the babies were eleven months old. Back in the United States for a few years, and at three Sigrid and her brother were again living in Norway. There Sigrid remained until sent to schools in Belgium and France. When she was six she saw her first picture; star: Charlie Chaplin. Then, there, sitting in a theatre in Oslo, Sigrid made up her mind she would be a screen actress. She never changed her suddenly arrived at idea of her destiny. Returning to Oslo from finishing school in France, Sigrid tried her best to persuade her parents she wanted to be an actress. They, she says, seemed to feel a bit sorry for her, sympathizing in her youthful dream—but giving no encouragement to an idea they felt would bring her great disappointment someday if she persisted in it.

"I couldn't run away from home," she said. "You see, I had an allowance. But I knew my parents would stop that if I went to America to try to become an actress, in order to bring me back to them. The only thing I could think of was to have them send me to London to study art. At Oslo there was an academy at which I could get an adequate elemental and finally thorough training in art, and I had no convincing argument when I was sent there instead of London. However, I insisted London would be better for me, and after studying some time I took some of my work to magazine editors in Oslo. One of them offered me a manuscript to illustrate; but I didn't want that, only a good criticism on my work—to use as evidence that my parents should send me to London to study. So I went to London. While I lived at a good address, my room was small and very inexpensive, and I saved enough from my allowance to bring me to America—and Hollywood.

"I had the idea that I would do extra work, and, as the dreams have it, be 'discovered' by some director or producer. But in Hollywood I soon found that it is not so easy that way. So I studied with a dramatic coach and signed with an agent. He agreed with me that I would do well to sign with Samuel Goldwyn—it would be great if I could do it, he said. Anyway, he finally was able to interest Mr. Goldwyn in looking at some portraits I had made; and to his surprise Mr. Goldwyn said he would like to see me. I was given the screen test, and signed.

"If this 'hoax' about my being a former actress of the Norwegian stage is taken very seriously, I am sorry. But to be truthful with you I felt it was fair enough—and I still believe all's fair in war and getting into the movies; it's so hard to get into the movies."

Hard? That's what we all *used* to think.

We wondered how long Miss Gurie would have let the vague, but all-inclusive description "former Norwegian stage actress" stand had not the whole business burst into headlines as a result of her divorce action against Thomas Stuart—whom she had met in London, and married in 1936 when he followed her to Hollywood.

"I hadn't intended to talk about myself much, hadn't thought there would be any demand for me to do so by newspapers, until after I had appeared in two, perhaps three pictures, and had demonstrated that I was capable of standing on what reputation I could gain by my screen work. But now it's all out, and I hope the public will not react unfavorably. I didn't mean to do any harm, and I don't think any harm has been done. Mr. Goldwyn wasn't displeased. All he said was 'if you have any more clever showmanship ideas, I wish you would tell me about them.'"

All of which still leaves in the air the question whether Sam Goldwyn knew he had signed an actress who had never before acted on the stage or screen. You can guess for yourself. For my part I think Goldwyn didn't care a hoot one way or the other. Why should he? Isn't he the man Sigrid Gurie made up her mind she was going to work for because in Norway—and elsewhere—he's known as the "star maker"?

Florence George, new screen charmer at ease. Note her ring-watch.

Triumph of a Timid Soul

Continued from page 31

"but thank goodness I did. And thank goodness too that she said 'yes' the first time. I could never have brought myself to ask her again."

Yet it was after the Haleys were married that Jack shied away from the greatest theatrical opportunity of the decade. He refused to make even a stab at it because he was afraid that he couldn't make good. He wouldn't have refused it if Florence had been around, but she wasn't. And when she found out it was too late. The rôle was the hoofer in "Broadway." Phil Dunning offered it to Jack first. Jack *turned it down.*

"That was ten years ago now," amplified Mrs. Haley, "and Jack was wearing a beard in 'Gay Paree,' a minor Schubert show. He kept on wearing beards, so to say, until 'Wake Up And Live.' The hoofer in 'Broadway' would have made him a big star all that time."

But, with Jack, it was ever thus. Florence remembers when they were first married and Jack was rehearsing for "Mary, Mary." Jack had been in vaudeville and it was his chance to graduate to musical comedy in a featured part. It would have meant a great deal to the Haleys and Jack already had the job. But one day, just before the show was due to open, Jack happened to glance into the wings while he was doing his stuff and saw the stage-manager whispering to the producer. As he found out later, that sinister whispering had nothing to do with Jack's rehearsing at all. But for him it could only mean one thing. He swallowed hard, smiled weakly, and never came back from lunch.

"He never had any confidence in himself," declared Mrs. Haley. "No matter how good others told him he was, he *knew* he was rotten. To him, everybody else was a genius and he was a tramp. We used to watch other performers who hadn't a quarter of Jack's talent and he'd turn to me and say: 'Gee, I wish I had what they've got.' He always had to have somebody to lean on, somebody to give him a shove and get him out there."

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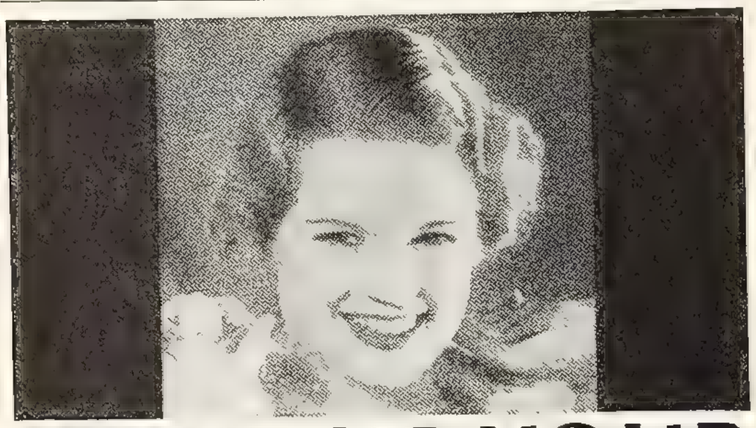

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Jack's Hollywood history bears all that out to the letter. In pictures, and because he instinctively retired to the back lot instead of busting into the front office, he virtually vegetated for years. To put himself over he bought a Beverly mansion, replete with swimming pool, police dogs, imported cars and what have you, hired a press agent and deliberately went Hollywood like nobody's business—and then, when the very people he needed flocked to find out who he was, he fled panic-stricken to the attic and wouldn't see 'em.

It is a fact that Jack's big hit was made only because Eddie Cantor declined to play that phantom crooner in the first Winchell-Bernie film and Darryl Zanuck, remembering that Jack was under contract to the studio although nobody ever saw him around, threw him into the breach. Jack, of course, read the 'script and protested that he couldn't do it.

"You've got to do it," decreed Zanuck. "We're going into production and there's nobody else available."

That's how Fate thrust a ring through Jack's unwilling nose and dragged him to cinema fame.

In the old days, whenever an agent would offer booking over a circuit, Jack would always hesitate. "Let's try it out for a week first and see how I go over," he'd say. If he did well at the opening he was still not to be denied. "Wait until tomorrow," he'd palpitate, "and see how they like me then."

Life, for Florence, has been just one pep talk after another. She had to sell Jack himself exactly as a salesman sells vacuum cleaners. And Jack always figured he was the wind in the bag. When they were together in vaudeville, Jack and Florence, in their hotel room, would frequently rehearse new gags for the act. But as soon as they got in front of an audience Jack would get stage fright and revert to the old routine.

"Then I'd start my end of the gags anyway," said Florence, "and there was nothing for him to do but go through with them. That's how I got him over that."

All the world knows now that Jack is a singer, but he still is holding out. Even Hollywood doesn't know that he's an amazingly clever dancer as well, and no wonder. Jack loves to dance—in private. In public, it's something else again.

"He could always dance beautifully except in front of an audience," observed Florence. "He's the best back-stage dancer I ever saw."

However, one time in Winnipeg Jack became unaccustomedly bold. He decided that nobody in Canada knew him anyway and therefore he could risk a dance. He rehearsed it perfectly, then when the seats were filled he came out and tripped. Before the next performance he told the orchestra leader to take out the music, but unknown to him Florence had it put back in. So Jack had to do his dance, and this time he stayed on his feet. That dance led to an offer to book the act over the entire Keith circuit. Jack, true to form, wrote a wire saying "no" and gave it to his wife to send. She tore it up and sent another saying "yes."

"All I've ever tried to do was fight him against himself," she explained. "His greatest fear is against failure, and that way he had two strikes on him before he began. Feeling as he did he couldn't relax, couldn't be natural, couldn't do his best. Of course when he flopped I had to tell him the truth. Otherwise he wouldn't have believed me when I told him he was colossal."

Not only Florence, but everybody around Jack had continually to shoot him full of mental hop. Thus, when he was playing for Fanchon and Marco in Los Angeles, Marco had to make a ritual of the "pep talk" before every show. And there were seven shows a day! It was here that Jack got an offer to go to New York and play in "Good News," his first smash on the stage. Naturally he was scared stiff to cancel his contract with the picture house and take the chance.

"What would you do if you were in my place?" he went around asking all his friends. They, primed with the proper answer by Florence, told him he was bound to knock 'em cold. Jack took their advice, but instead of cancelling it he kept the Fanchon and Marco contract as an ace in the hole. He was sure he'd be back. He never did come back to those prologue appearances but only Florence and Laur-

Tea for five. Pausing between takes for a Fox-Movietone fashion reel, are Vyvyan Donner, who direct the films (seated, right), the cameraman, and models.

ence Schwab prevented him. At the "Good News" rehearsals he was consistently nervous and undeniably rotten. The stage-manager wanted to close him out and get somebody else.

"He'll be all right when we open," Schwab over-ruled. "Florence will see to that."

Florence did, and Jack went over so well that when Schwab wrote "Follow Through" there was a big part for him. The shows played over a year each. Incidentally, Eleanor Powell made her début as a caddy in the latter, and Jack noticed that she was always tap-dancing backstage.

"That girl is going to get somewhere," he prophesied then. "She's bound to get some reward for all the work she puts in."

At least once, however, even Florence's build-ups didn't do Jack any good. All the time he was in show business, she says, he never would do anything at any party; the other professionals entertained the crowd, but Jack simply sat there and counted black cats. On this occasion he had been drafted for a benefit, and with so many celebrated names appearing he was more scared than ever that the floor would open and swallow him. When his turn came he continued to sit petrified at his table until the insistent applause at long last got him to his feet. But he remained in a trance, so tongue-tied that he couldn't utter a syllable. The orchestra struck up the "Good News" music, which Jack had been singing at every performance for months, and Jack just stood there with trembling hands and bulging eyes. At last he sat down again without having opened his mouth. He couldn't sing the songs he knew so well because he had forgotten the words. That night, after the Haleys got home, Jack threw himself down in abject despair on the bed. King Bruce of Scotland was cheerful compared with him.

"Well," he finally groaned, "I've still got that Fanchon and Marco contract."

So he had. And so he has. Jack always comforts himself with the reflection that come what may, though the movies fold and the radio fades, though the heavens fall and the earth is rent asunder, he still has those eight weeks to go.

In one respect that complex of his, Florence admits, has been an asset rather than otherwise. Because of it and since the beginning, Jack has consistently put aside a healthy slice of his earnings "in case we don't work next year." Besides the financial security, the money in the bank has given him a moral security which has done its part also towards minimizing his feeling of fear and thus improving his work.

"He used to say that I was having pipe-dreams when I told him that in the future he'd be making a thousand dollars a week," reminisced Florence. "Even in the old days I used to argue with him that managers weren't paying his salary because they liked his looks or because he was good to his mother—it was because he was *good himself*. He didn't believe me then and he still doesn't believe the figures he sees on his salary checks now."

Not that even those checks have been able to completely cure Jack of his contempt for Jack. His most famous saying is still: "Don't buy anything you can't put on the Chief." But he has licked it a lot, and now his greatest objective in life is to prevent his young son, Jack, Jr., from having the same psychological malady from which he has himself suffered so much. To this end he compliments the youngster upon even the smallest achievement, and when the boy betrays even the slightest inferiority his father spends hours reasoning him out of it.

"It's all in your mind, son," Jack, Sr., tells the adoring Jack, Jr., "just look at me!"

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The Queen Comes Back

Continued from page 30

doing me a favor, honey. This is an epic. I don't want to scare the daylights out of the studio by making it too fast."

From then on they understood each other. Van Dyke doesn't say: "Will you kindly do it again, Miss Shearer, thank you so much." He says: "Do it again, honey, or I'll pop you in the nose." She turns, pops him in the nose, "just to prove I'm not afraid of you, honey," and does it again.

"She's making a bum out of me," he growls. "I want to lie down and let her walk on me. Stop me if you've heard this one before, only you never have, because I never said it before. What's more, she's giving one hell of a performance, and you can quote hell—Honey," he calls as she passes, "I'm giving the press the lowdown on you."

"Would you like some help? I was reproached so gracefully the other day that it was almost a compliment. I was late, and my nerves were tense, and I snapped. It was really myself I was cross with, but the effect was just as unfortunate. Mr. Richelavie—" (technical adviser on court etiquette) —"whispered in my ear: 'Don't be cross. It doesn't belong to you.' I could have wept with shame." She leaned toward Van. "When the picture's over, I'll tell you the rest of my faults."

She has lost none of her zest for the part she's playing. "In its variety it's more interesting than *Juliet. Juliet* was a girl in love. That was all her life. *Antoinette* is so many things—first, an eager child—then, after her disappointment in *Louis,* the reckless pleasure-seeker. That mood comes to a head when *Du Barry* sends her a cradle with this masterpiece of cruelty attached:

'Since at last it is quite beyond doubt
That this cot you're unable to fill,
Go back to your schnitzel and kraut,
Leave the job to a woman who will.'

Later she learns wisdom and strength through her love for *Fersen.* And finally, there's the tragic period—though I don't see it wholly as tragedy either. She has given *Fersen* a ring engraved with the words: 'Everything leads to thee.' It's with those words in her heart that she goes to the guillotine."

When Hunt Stromberg, close friend of both Norma and Irving Thalberg, took over production, he stated tersely: "The spirit of the picture will be as Irving planned it." No pains have been spared to capture that spirit.

Let me take you to the set of the Grand Stairway at Versailles, where *Louis XV,* that old rip, waits with his court and his kinsmen to receive the little princess from Austria. For that first magical blaze of color and majesty and pomp, Bill Horning, set designer, rates applause.

A vast, columned ballroom, lighted by crystal chandeliers and eight-foot girandoles. At the far end, a raised space, on either side of which stairways curve softly upward to meet in a gallery behind. Gallery, stairways and the main body of the hall gleam with the silks and swords and jewels of courtiers and ladies.

In a thronelike chair on the dais, sits the king, his gouty foot propped on a yellow cushion. Beside him the heavyfaced *Dauphin,* a Bourbon to the life, stares vacantly into space. A stir, a craning of necks, a slight surge forward. But the tall halberdiers, in red and black, keep the aisle to the king clear.

Through the side door steps a little figure in a panniered gown of peach mousseline, delicately embroidered. Her leghorn hat, beplumed in front, turquoise ribbons

Paul Muni, home, signs long-term contract, once vowed he never would.

streaming behind, covers *Marie's* own red-gold curls. Escorted by *Artois,* the *Dauphin's* cynical youngest brother, preceded by the major domo who lifts his staff in presentation, *Marie Antoinette* curtsies before the king. Then, amid all the splendor —the target of eyes curious, malicious, admiring—she hesitates. "Go on," whispers *Madame de Noailles,* head lady-in-waiting, in her ear. A few more steps, and she curtsies a second time. A wide space still separates her from *Louis XV*—too wide. With a child's impulsive movement, she runs forward to cover it, and makes her third obeisance, which the court makes with her.

Louis rises. "Welcome, Marie Antoinette of Austria."

She smiles. "Marie Antoinette of *France,* your Majesty." By the quirk of an eyebrow he acknowledges the grace of her tribute. The scene is finished.

It's a scene in which all the principals except Tyrone Power figure. Here you have visual evidence of one of the elements which will make this an outstanding picture—the months of laborious thought and search which went into the casting.

Peach-satined, lace-ruffled, a blue ribbon across the royal chest, John Barrymore plays *Louis XV,* his dandyism in effective contrast with his faintly diabolical mien. He and Miss Shearer are playing opposite each other for the first time, since *Juliet* and *Mercutio* had no scenes together. He keeps her in gales of mirth.

"What did he do that time?" Van Dyke wants to know.

"He just looked," she chokes.

"All right, *Lionel,*" the director tells him. "That's all for now."

"The name, Mr. *Franklin,*" he retorts with bitter precision, "is Oscar, and you'll find me when you want me at the Y.M.C.A." He moves off with a waiting newspaper man, his voice trailing behind him. "Since I am consorting with a member of the press, I will now indulge in a bottle of beer. *Near* beer. For medicinal purposes only—"

To most of you the name of Robert Morley is new. When the picture is shown, it will be on every tongue. You need be no genius at prophecy to make this prediction. You need only watch one small scene.

"Louis!" thunders the king.

He bumbles out from behind his grandfather's shadow to greet his bride. The first impression is one of stolidity. But as he breaks into his memorized speech, falters to a pause, sends a trapped glance toward the throne and with dogged despair starts all over again, while *Marie* tries pityingly

to help him, you catch an all too painful glimpse of the lost and bewildered soul who might have been a happy carpenter if he hadn't been born to reign a king.

Robert Morley was playing *Dumas* in London, when Stromberg saw him, had him tested and offered him the rôle of the *Dauphin,* later *Louis XVI.* He hesitated. He had heard much of the mechanized art of Hollywood, how they change your voice, how they make you walk three paces forward and three paces back and call it acting. In the end, because he welcomes new experiences and wanted to see America, he decided to take the chance.

He speaks deliberately, in the pleasant modulated tones of the well-bred Englishman. "Either I'm singularly fortunate, or a great many people are liars. All I've been asked to do is to take a fat part and play it to the best of my ability." A mild twinkle lights his otherwise sober face. "My only source of distress lies in the fact that as *Dumas* I had three mistresses. As *Louis,* I find it difficult to have even one wife."

Du Barry, the red-headed hussy, lies in the capable hands of Gladys George, who made her first big hit as the hussy of "Personal Appearance." One day Anita Louise was told by her studio to report at Metro. For four and a half hours she was hustled from one costume to another. Each time she got her head free, she'd wail: "What am I here for?" "Never mind," they'd soothe her, "Just do as you're told." It wasn't until Fred Datig appeared that she learned to her delight that she was set to play the *Princess de Lambelle, Antoinette's* friend and shadow.

Van Dekker togged himself out in an old bathrobe, highlighted his nose with zinc ointment, wound a scarf round his throat and fastened it with a cameo pin, stuck a ribbon at the back of his neck to give the effect of a peruke, and had his wife snap the whole with a two-dollar Brownie. The snapshot brought him the part of *Provence, Louis's* second brother.

"I was one of the seven million tested for the *Dauphin,*" says handsome Reginald Gardiner, famed as the man who imitates wallpaper. Stromberg thought his gift for subtle comedy was wasted on wallpaper. "But of course when Morley came along—he *was* the *Dauphin.* So I'm *Artois.* Make fun of my brother's dilapidation and flirt with his wife. Not bad for a wallpaper."

Here too you will find the tragic *Dreyfus* of "The Life of Emile Zola," transformed into *Orleans,* archschemer of the court, a lace handkerchief tucked delicately through the ring on his little finger, brows arched in an insolent line. Out of character Schildkraut is gayest of the gay, breaking into pungent expression on his delight in Hollywood and all its works. Of Van Dyke he says: "He wears neither mental nor real puttees. There is never the question on your lips, 'where is the horse?'" Of Barrymore: "At first he was going to play *Esterhazy* in 'Zola.' Muni and I looked at each other. We said: 'If he plays it, there will be no *Zola,* no *Dreyfus.* One gesture and he puts us all in his pocket." Of Shearer: "As an actress, I have the greatest respect for her. As a woman, I am in love with her!"

The last strikes a keynote. You don't expect a star's fellow-workers to burst into unflattering comment, whatever they may feel. But as Van Dyke remarked: "If they don't like 'em, they don't say anything."

These people say plenty, unasked. A wardrobe woman tells you: "The extras make a fuss about wearing these heavy dresses. She doesn't say a word." A script clerk makes ready to read the star's off screen lines. "I'll do it," says Miss Shearer. "You wouldn't have to—." "Why not?" It helps *me* when the others read them for me." The musicians, having worked late the night before, hadn't arrived when she asked for music one day. She was distressed only by the hubbub their absence created. "Just let me know when you're not going to be here," she told them privately later, "and I'll never ask for music."

"I can't get excited over things like that," said a man who has worked with her over a period of years. "Knowing Shearer, I take them for granted, as she does. She's always been a woman of dignity and grace and consideration for others. Yet she *has* changed. I've heard people say she's more beautiful. It's not that. It's—well, they say tragedy brings out one of two things in you—sweetness or bitterness. You can tell at a glance what it's brought out in her. She seems—I don't know—tenderer, with a greater depth of spirit. I don't want to sound like a Sunday school sermon, but I don't know any other words to describe it."

His words are good enough. Consciously or not, she must have faced grief in the spirit of the philosopher who said: "Meet the inevitable. Keep the sweetness of memories. Love more those who are left." She must still know the comfort of having someone always there to tell her what to do. If the voice comes now from within her own heart, that makes it none the less clear and true.

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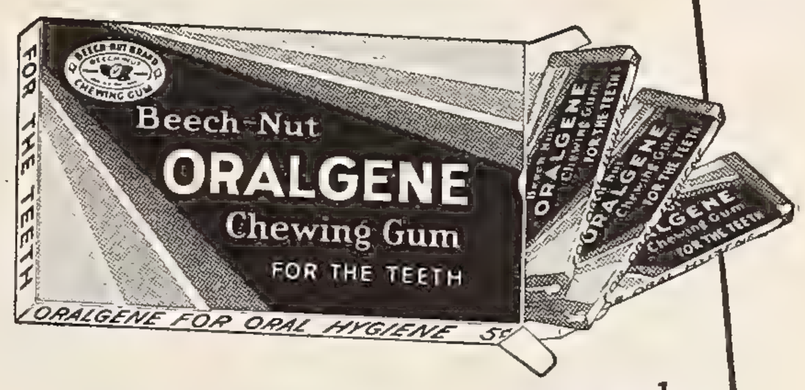

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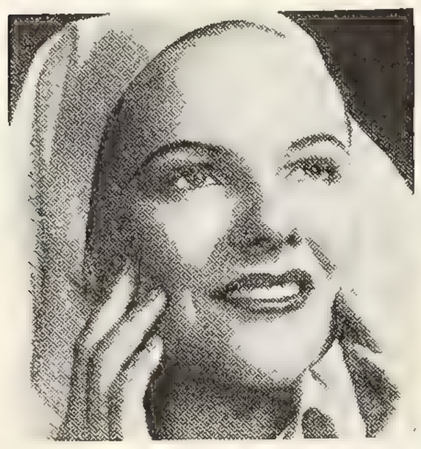

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Maiden, Movie Actress, Matron

Continued from page 51

what she should represent. Without her parents, she went through her Hollywood metamorphoses entirely alone. People couldn't understand why she dared to do it. They did not credit her with common sense, which she possessed in abundance.

Maureen was not the least awed by Hollywood. Merely cautious. The town saw her as a child. She was, in more ways than one; but intellectually she was grown up.

"Hollywood expects me to be always like the little girl I play on the screen," she remarked. "I don't want to disappoint the people."

But she seemed to tire of being regarded as the guileless colleen. She appeared, at times, to go out of her way to sound and appear very adult.

"I know why people get drunk," she said one afternoon, while she made toast for our tea. "We are striving for some distant goal. Usually, we believe we have found it in something, or someone, only to be disillusioned. It is striving to 'get out of ourselves' that causes many to resort to drastic methods. Some drink, some take drugs, others gamble, or lead a hectic life. The cause is the same. It's the working out of your life that differs. One thing I do know," she added as a safeguard, "you have got to have a religion, or a philosophy, to hold to throughout life."

Maureen had her religion. At church, she seemed somewhat sad and alone—but only, I think, because the mysticism of the ritual aroused her so profoundly. She had few acquaintances. She did not care to foster any.

"You know I have no friends," she once informed me. "The only real ones I have are Johnny Farrow, the P. G. Wodehouses, are the John McCormacks. The McCormacks are in Ireland, the Wodehouses are in New York. That leaves only Johnny out here."

Some players essayed to cultivate her friendship, but with no success.

"Now you're here, I can offer an excuse for not going out to dinner!" she said to me on one occasion. Whereupon she phoned the dinner-giver that there was an interviewer at her home and she'd undoubtedly be tied up for the evening. If false in the spirit, it was almost true in the letter. I was there unprofessionally. And, as you know, I'd never dream of trying to tie Maureen up for an entire evening.

"I did not want to go," she said, when I asked if her last remark was meant to hurry me off home. "I felt I was being invited because I am a newcomer. Many people out here so dearly love to impress me. Yet they fail to do so. They take me on a tour of their houses and point out belongings, explaining all about them, often incorrectly. Perhaps sometime they'll ask my opinion."

Even now Hollywood seems totally ignorant of the fact that Dublin is a city of cosmopolitan wisdom. Artists, poets, philosophers and writers reside there. Being shown a lavish display at a movie star's home is not the sort of enticement to attract one of Dublin's discriminating daughters. Young gallants were frequently disconsolate. Appointments made were not kept. Maureen was not at home on the phone. Wishing to relay a party invitation, one bright juvenile said to me: "You phone her. I know she'll answer you. She'd ignore my call." I felt quite powerful.

Setting out to impress her with big talk, young boys usually found themselves at a loss for something to say to equal her pungent remarks. For instance, Tom Brown found her completely baffling. It's an old story now, but it was amusing at the time, and both laugh at it today. Appearing together in "Fast Companions," with the then-little Mickey Rooney, Maureen was besieged by gallant Brown. Would she dine with him? No, she wouldn't. After repeated refusals, Tom frankly asked why. Maureen said: "Tommy dear, you're so frightfully young!" It nearly broke Tom's heart, for at eighteen, he felt all of thirty.

Maureen preferred the company of a grown man to the attentions of an adolescent. In fact, she had met John Farrow, a clever young writer, who made a deep impression. Maureen suddenly entered her second Hollywood phase—the movie actress. For most things she assumed a very worldly viewpoint. In short, Maureen faced life in earnest. Johnny had lived life, and was honest about it. He had travelled. He knew foreign places, the customs of the different peoples. Hollywood's asinine sense of decorum could not be expected to hold him down, though it hoped to do so. Maureen succeeded where Hollywood failed. Johnny appeared fond of her.

I enjoyed seeing Maureen at this period. She always had a lot to tell me. She did not seem to mean all she said. She appeared vibrant, taut and repressed. She was torn between standards of upbringing and the new emotions she was sensing so keenly. Yet unlike the typical Hollywood lovers (Jeanette and Gene excluded), she did not throw over religious beliefs. No over-the-border union for Maureen. She told me she believed she loved Johnny, but wanted to put her love to the test. Each of them felt like explorers facing a new desert to cross.

"If a wedding is going to be arranged," Maureen said, "it is going to be done right, or not at all."

Certain obstacles had to be cleared up. Johnny had been married before. A special dispensation would have to be obtained from Rome. Johnny had also to visit her people in Ireland. "Being separated might make us used to it, or prove that we can't live without one another."

These decisions on her part plainly prove that Maureen was not being swept up into a wild play of emotions. Others might snap fingers at conventions. Not Maureen. Yet according to Hollywood she was supposed to be doing just this. During Johnny's visit to Europe, Maureen was seen suddenly and constantly with James Dunn. Jimmy

Statuesque, stunning, Louise Hovick is forging ahead in Hollywood.

Georges Rigaud, Paramount leading man, and his Scottish terrier.

laughed at sentiment. But you cannot laugh at sentiment when it appears in love, can you? I should say not. And that's where Jimmy saw it. For it must be admitted that Maureen made him think she cared greatly. She even told me she did. I happened to be with her one evening, and that's what she said. I didn't enjoy the show at all. Jimmy's a nice old thing, I commented, but. . . .

Easily attracted by moods, Maureen expects others to have implicit faith in her impregnable faith, no matter how she treats them. Poor Jimmy never understood this. On one occasion. Maureen had tears in her eyes, when Jimmy said they should stop seeing each other, or come to a definite understanding. When John Farrow returned to Hollywood and Maureen, Jimmy had tears in his eyes while trying to explain his bewilderment, his disillusion.

Once I said to Jimmy: "Maureen thinks no end of you. She told me so. I think she's a swell person." Jimmy gave a short laugh. And oh, boys and girls, I believe there was a bitter note in it. "Yeah," he replied. "She has a swell sense of humor!"

Maureen said she took a cocktail at parties because she thought people would think her too good if she refused. She appeared as the "hey-hey" girl employing sophisticated repartee. Then she changed completely once again.

If Maureen's Maidenhood in Hollywood represented her state of Innocence; her Movie Actress phase, her state of Experience, then her latest and present phase as a young wife marks her state of Understanding. The vague dreams of girlhood have dispersed. The hectic sensations of the actress have burnt out. Only the gold is left. In Hollywood's crucible, Maureen has gone through transmutation with astounding results.

"This is my first baby!" she said to me on the set. John Beal was the proud, though embarrassed, father. "I wish I could adopt it and take it home," she added. I momentarily wondered what Johnny would say, if his wife handed him a baby and said: "I got this on the set this afternoon." But we all liked the idea, except the baby's mother.

Today, Maureen O'Sullivan is happy. As a movie player, she calls for full attention. In a Marx Bros. nightmare, a *Tarzan* epic, or the tense drama of a *Barrett* family, she is capable and clever. Her acting has benefited from the successive changes she has experienced. From Maidenhood to Movie Actress, then to Matron. Maternity is next. And with her present desire for a baby, Maureen might achieve a fourth state of existence.

Drama Pursues Melvyn Douglas

Continued from page 24

for him? I'll deliver it when I see him."

"Probably won't do any good, but if you do see him before next week, tell him the make-up man would like to talk to him."

"Ok."

As the fellow walked out, I could hear him mumbling to himself, "I never saw such a hard-to-find person. Me waiting all day to discuss a simple bit of make-up with him for one scene! If—" And his voice trailed off in the distance.

I had just renewed my mental inventory when the door opened again—after a hesitant knock, however. A waiter stepped in. "Mr. Douglas' lunch—" and then somewhat disdainfully, "and yours." A short bow and he was gone.

Quiet returned to the scene, and then—in came Melvyn, very much in a hurry. "Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said.

"The lunch just beat you here."

"Can't stop to eat lunch now. Have to look at some rushes. Want to come along?"

"No thanks, I'l stay here."

"I'll be back in a second."

Fifteen minutes later, and he was back. I had been staring at the delicious lunch, but had kept from eating it—how, I don't know.

"Now, Melvyn, about my story—"

"Oh, yes, your story." He got up and went to the 'phone. "Pardon me, I have to call my wife and see how the baby is."

The call was made, and he again turned to me. "I guess you caught me in a busy day."

"Busy! I should say so! Now about the story—"

"Yep, let's get started." A pause. "You know, those rushes were pretty bad. There'll be retakes, I bet."

"Retakes at Columbia?" I asked.

"Well," he answered slyly, "added scenes."

I had just about begun to give up hope of getting a story, when Melvyn had me on board a ship. The minute he began talking, I knew I was in for some fascinating material—provided nothing else happened to disturb the calm. But now I'm sidetracking myself. The story—well, let Melvyn tell it. (By the way, lunch was being munched by now).

"Well," began Melvyn, as he puffed on a cigarette idly, "Helen and I had just kicked up our heels at work and everything else and had gone on our way for an eight months tour around the world. We had work that should have been done, pictures, etc., but we got that stale feeling, so that was that. We felt we needed to get a new outlook on things. We were standing on the deck of the steamer this particular night. It was calm and peaceful—for a minute. Then, suddenly, Helen turned to me and said, 'Melvyn, I've got some news for you.' I suspected something was coming, but was very unprepared for the bombshell that was to follow."

Of course, the telephone would have to ring at this time. It was just like reading a mystery book and finding the page with the solution to the crime missing.

Melvyn hopped up and answered it. "Hello! Yes . . . Yes . . . They'll be all right . . . Yes . . . Send them out this afternoon." Then bang went the receiver.

Calmly Melvyn turned to me. "The florist. It's my wife's birthday."

"What was this bombshell you were speaking about?" I reminded him.

"Bombshell? Oh yes, the story. The bombshell was simply this. Helen put her

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John Wayne and two attractive young actresses, Martha O'Driscoll (left) and Laurie Douglas, smile out across the broad Pacific from aboard the sloop "Venus."

arm over my shoulder and said, 'Dear, you're going to be a father!'" He took a bite of the sandwich and said, "Just like that she said it—as unconcerned as she could be. Well, naturally, I was a little bit leery of the advisability of continuing the trip, but Helen insisted. And she wasn't sick a day. But I was—every day, almost.

"Helen and I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go to Bali. I'd always wanted to visit this unique island, for I'd heard of its primitive beauty and its fantastic customs. You know, Bali is only a dot on the earth, but on that tiny island there are 30,000 temples and 60,000 temple rituals in a single year. In fact, each house has a temple in it. There are festivals and dances galore.

"One night, not long after we arrived in Bali, Helen and I decided to visit one of the temple rituals. We had been in the place for a while, completely awed by the weird ceremony we watched. Suddenly, a picturesque Balinese woman came over to Helen, touched her arm, and said, 'You are seeck!' My wife turned to me, amazed. I could do nothing but stare. The woman looked at her closer, and said, 'You'll be seeck for a long time!' Then she smiled. 'Of course, you'll be seeck for a long time. You are going to have a baby!'

"I had hardly recovered from the woman's strange prophesy when I found Helen being taken over by the rude altar. I didn't know what was happening. Then I saw the woman sprinkle some sort of native holy water over my wife. Soon the silver ring of the priest's bell was heard. All this was followed by the sprinkling of blossoms over Helen, and then, even more astounding, she was made to drink cocoanut milk. All this while, Helen looked both frightened and interested. I didn't know what it was all about until the woman said, calmly, 'Now a ritual has been performed for the coming one.'"

Melvyn was just about to branch off into another story, but he suddenly decided he had better look at the time. With a deep sigh and a quick glance toward the door, he said, "I believe I can sneak in an experience in Egypt. I might as well be good and late.

"Helen and I," began Melvyn, "had gone to Java before we sailed for Egypt. Our quest this time was a search for native dances. We didn't get very far in Java, for we saw only vulgar hootchy-kootch. In fact, when we asked a hotel proprietor where we could find any real dances, he said, 'Too bad you weren't here last week. We had a marvelous dancer at the club.' That was bad enough, but when we met an eighteen-year-old native boy who had never seen a traditional dance of his own country, we decided it was time to go to Egypt.

"We searched for days in Egypt for something vaguely like an old Egyptian dance, but hootchy-kootch had even gone to the Nile. We were just about to give up when we noticed a sign which read, 'See native dances.' We decided to go that night. Dressed in our best bib and tucker, we started for the theatre, but it remained as elusive as the stars above. Finally, we met an Egyptian lad, and in our best French (the language spoken chiefly in Egypt), we asked him to direct us. He not only directed us, he took us to the theatre. On the way, however, he learned we were actors, and we learned he was translating American plays. When we reached the theatre, after a téte-tète between the manager and our guide, we were ushered into the new show house with great pomp and ceremony. Our guide excused himself momentarily, and we sat down to watch—"

"Hey, Mr. Douglas!" yelled the assistant director. I never will know how he came in so quietly.

"Yes?"

"You're supposed to be on the set. Al is a little steamed up."

With a quick wink in my direction, Melvyn replied, "Sorry, I forgot. Come on—maybe we can finish the story on the set."

As Melvyn and I bounded down the steps, the story went on—in broken phrasing, I admit. Here I was following—or rather running—after Melvyn, and he was practically stumbling over himself on the way to Stage 4.

"As I was saying," continued Melvyn between jumps, "we sat down to watch some real native dances. But instead, we saw—more hootchy-kootch! We were about ready to leave in disgust when back came the Egyptian lad. Sensing our disappointment, he said, 'I'm sorry, but if you'd care to come to my house for dinner tomorrow evening, perhaps I can show you something that is left of the Egypt of my ancestors.' We agreed. So the next night, a very clear and calm one, we found ourselves on top of the roof, the lad's special penthouse. I must admit it was a grand place to dine—with the stars for a canopy. After a delicious dinner, he said, 'Now for the surprise.'"

And now we were on the set. Leaving another exciting moment dangling in mid-air helplessly, Melvyn said, "Sorry. I'll be back as soon as possible."

I walked over and watched Melvyn and Joan Blondell go through some madcaps for a scene. Minutes seemed like hours, but, at last, he was back, and the story continued—for a while.

"The lad clapped his hands—" Melvyn stopped. "This is where I left off, isn't it?"

"I guess so," I replied. "The surprise was coming when you left."

"Well, I'm right then. Anyway, the lad clapped his hands, and a second later, an old man came out, carrying an ancient string instrument. I noticed his eyes looked weird and mysterious. The boy sensed my bewilderment and said, quietly, 'He is blind. But listen to him play.' Then the old man began to play. Helen and I sat entranced. No place in the world had we heard such gorgeous music. It seemed as though we could see ancient Egypt parading before our eyes. How long we listened to him, I'll never know. It was far too short a time, though. "We left the house late that night, feeling we had at last seen something of a country's past that is too often obscured by history books."

"Melvyn!" yelled Alexander Hall.

"Coming!" Then to me, "I'll be back in a minute—I hope."

And he was—well, ten minutes anyway. A short "shot" this time.

He sat down, took out a cigarette, looked into space, and continued.

"So much happened to us on that trip. Once we landed in Marseilles to get our trunk, with all our clothes in it, which had supposedly gone through the customs back at Rome safely enough. Well, the trunk, we found, was back at the border 100 miles away. Our ship was leaving in a few minutes, and we had no extra clothes. We decided to go on to Port Said, our next stop. But in Port Said, our clothes we were wearing were hardly suitable, so we decided, on the spur of the moment, to go to the Holy Land. We've always been grateful for that misplaced trunk, for the Holy Land was one of the most beautiful places we ever visited."

We both recognized the ominous figure of the assistant director as he wended his way toward us. Melvyn held up his hand and said, "In a minute." Then he turned to me, "I'm going to finish your story now—scene or no scene!" And he went on: "Anyone who wants to get the best out of travel should never follow the beaten paths. Tourist tours and guide books are the worst evils imaginable. He should try to find the hidden and remote spots—then he can really learn something of the world and its genuine atmosphere. And another thing, it is very unwise, I think, to stay in too many big hotels. You can get much more of the pulse of a country if you stay in the little inns."

The assistant was not to be held up any longer, so Melvyn rose. "Well, I'm sorry I can't tell you more, but you know this picture business. Let me know how the story comes out." And with a cheery, "So long," he was back on the set.

As I watched him leave, I knew I had met an impulsive and yet an exciting Hollywood personality. I knew then that I wouldn't be surprised if I heard, a few months from now, that he was in Siam, Ethiopa, or Kalamazoo.

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Miss Alicia Rhett

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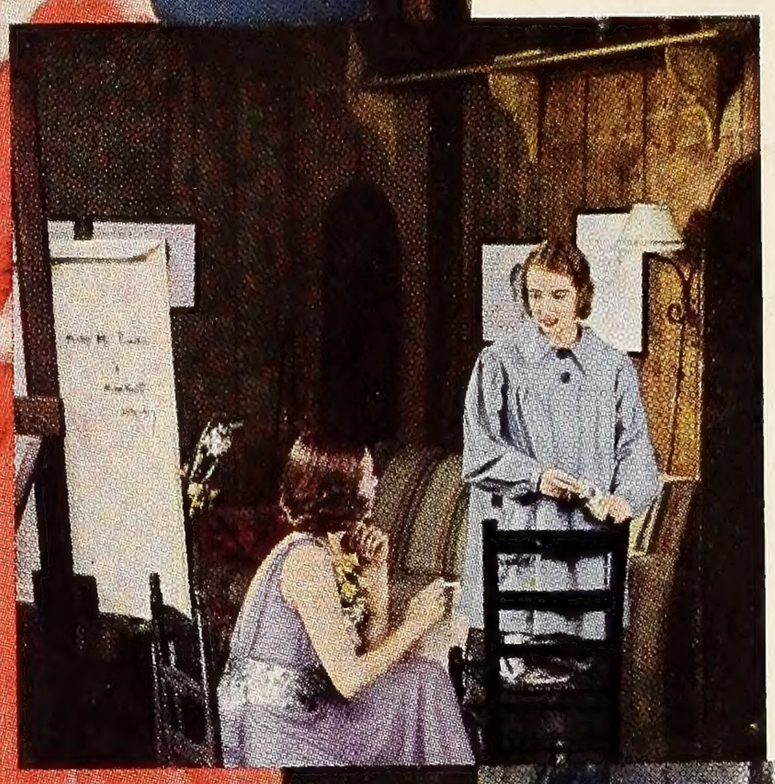
SHE is a Rhett, of Charleston. Which means that her "presence is requested" at the St. Cecilia Ball, aristocratic social event. Her forefathers—among them, the founder of Charleston—have borne the titles of Lord Proprietor...Governor...Senator. She, herself, models in clay...does life-size portraits in oils. In studio, at left: "You always smoke Camels, Alicia. Why *Camels* all the time?" asks Mary French, sitting for her portrait. "They're different," says Miss Rhett. "So different that I can smoke all the Camels I want and they never tire my taste or jangle my nerves. The best way of saying all that I mean is—Camels *agree* with me!"



Miss Rhett is shown in costume (above), smoking a Camel backstage at the historic Dock Street Theatre where she has played leading roles. She may soon lend her talent to the long-awaited filming of a Civil War romance! "My dramatic work involves a real test of the voice," says Miss Rhett. "So I smoke nothing but Camels. Camels are mild. And so gentle to my throat!"

Above, Miss Rhett was caught by the photographer as she smoked a Camel on the balcony of the Dock Street Theatre—"America's oldest." Right—she enjoys another Camel on her way to the courts. Note the Sword Gates—famous Charleston landmarks. "After tennis," she says, "I walk straight to my Camels, and smoke as many as I please. It takes healthy nerves to enjoy a life full of activities. So my smoking is confined to Camels. My nerves and Camels 'get along' beautifully!"

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